

AMERICA'S TOP EROTIC FILM REVIEW!

APRIL 1978

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FLICK

**Special Report:
THE TITANIC
TITS OF
FILM
LAND!**

**CAN
SHE
TAKE
IT
ALL?**

**PEEP
SHOW
PALACES
ARE HERE
TO STAY!**

**8mm Thrills
HOW TO MAKE
A HOME
PORNIE!**

**WHAT MEN
WANT TO
SEE IN
PORN
FLICKS**





FLICK

APRIL 1978

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8MM Film Review

BY RON SMITH

Big Boobs And Horny Dwarfs

■ Do hot beautiful girls always go for big strong men? No, not always. And the proof of that is an 8mm movie now making the rounds. It shows that little and ugly can be hot and satisfying! Sometimes little can be more than enough!

Fade in on a brunette with humongous hanging tits. She's in the kitchen making a salad—but when she sees a cucumber lying on the counter, she gets horny and wants to feel that cuke up her cunt. She rubs the hard vegetable across her gigantic tits. Those milk duds hang down so heavily that just rubbing them gets her off. She hikes her dress up and begins to drive that cucumber into her hairy thatch. Great color closeups show it all as her puffy labia parts to make way for the tremendous intruding member. Her hairy hole is getting a thorough stuffing that makes her fleshy thighs shake.

In and out the cucumber goes, the chick practically stuffing the entire thing into her hungry hole, jamming and prodding, poking and fucking herself silly. She can't get enough.

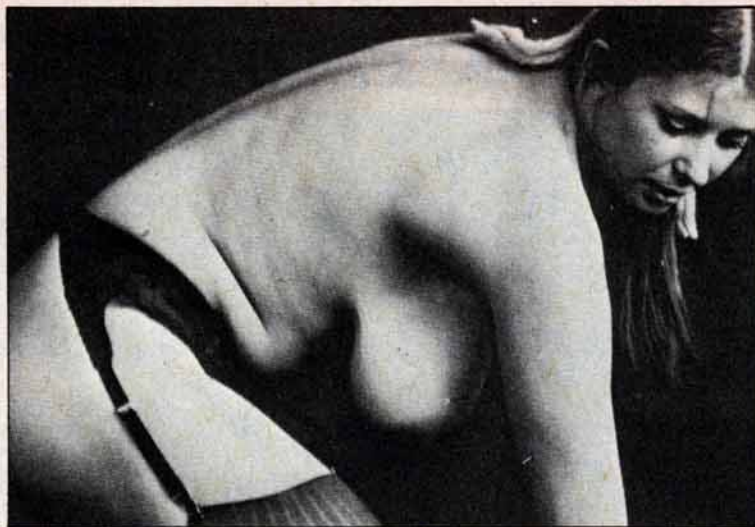
In and out the cucumber goes, the chick practically stuffing the entire thing into her hungry hole, jamming and prodding, poling and fucking herself silly. She can't get enough! And who should suddenly appear, peering at her through the window—a Japanese midget! That's right—a little four-foot fucker, his nose and lips pressed to the glass, looking hungrily at the scene. The guy slides the glass door to the kitchen and strides inside. He cautiously makes his way into the room. A cunning little beggar, he comes up behind the broad—and barely comes up to the hanging nipples on her mammoth mammaries! He grabs her from behind—and her reaction is one of delight! She's more than willing to strap the man on and see how it goes and comes. She takes the



The girl responds by gathering him up and sucking him down, moving her head over his stiff, giving him a deep throat treatment. She sucks and jerks him off, and gets rewarded with a layer of lather as the guy comes all over her cheek, chin and mouth.

cucumber out of her cunt and the unusual twosome make their way to the bedroom to make it.

The guy shucks his clothes off and they're ready to go. They kiss and clinch, and the guy jumps on top of her, sucking on her tit (which isn't much smaller than her head). He is nearly lost in her massive cleavage, but gamely sucks away on her titanic titties. She really loves it to just lie there while he gives her a thorough suck job. She urges him downward as she cups her boobs, and the little man goes to work on her muff. Her long slit stretches from his nose to his chin as he lickety-splits her. He



sucks her cunt, driving her into a frenzy by his salivating slit sluicing. The guy is like a babe in her arms when he finally comes up for air and lounges on top of her. For a minute it looks like he's lost—but he knows what to do—he starts fucking her belly button!

Crisp clear shots focus on the outrageous fucking of the broad's button. And after the guy is through, he clambors aboard her chest and fucks her between her tits. The girl responds by gathering him up and sucking him down, moving her head over his stiff, giving him a deep throat treatment. The guy holds onto her head as she sucks him away. She loves it. She sucks and jerks him, and gets rewarded with a layer of lather as the guy comes all over her cheek, chin and mouth. She kisses his glistening stick in sheer admiration, looking up at him with reverence, his still stiff cock rubbing across her jism-coated face.

The name of the movie is "Little Man,

Big Cock" and it's from Inger Brent Films. While some of the numbers in the Brent series are slightly faded in color, this one is bright and brilliant, clear and close-up to the climax. For folks looking for something just a little bit different, this dippy dwarf and his mammoth-mammariated maiden make for quite an eyeful!

He quickly takes off his pants and boffs her muff. He licks up and down her blonde snatch, and when the girl gasps in astonishment at all the pleasure she then gets on the receiving end of a fat rod jammed right in her face.

For those who can't get enough of big titties, another hot number is called

"Teenage Pussy" and it's from the San Francisco 200 company. It offers a baby-faced blonde getting poked and pummelled through an entire reel, as her tremendous tits shake and roll all over the place.

The film begins with the cutie sitting around in her bra and panties, waiting for her boyfriend to arrive. When he does—he quickly doffs his pants and boffs her muff. He licks up and down her blonde snatch, and when the girl gasps in astonishment at all the pleasure she's receiving, she gets on the receiving end of a fat rod, jammed right in her face. She sucks as best she can, her eyes bulging, her cheeks bulging, the cock bulging and bursting with come.

The girl lies flat on her back, her cunt dewy with juice. The guy is right on top of her, slamming his stick deep in her slit, jolting her with every thrust. Her heavy tits jiggle as he plows her, and they are so big that the chick has to hold onto them to keep them from sailing down into each armpit. The girl bends over for a dogstyle fuck and her tits hang so low they nearly touch the ground. When the guy plugs in and starts banging away, his pneumatic nook-opener sends shock waves that make the girl's tits wag in the breeze like two gelatin-filled balloons. Incredible color and close-ups all the way.

When the guy plugs in and starts banging away, his pneumatic nook-opener sends shock waves that make the girl's tits wag in the breeze like two gelatin-filled balloons. Incredible color and closeups all the way.

At last the girl has had enough—and she says so—only to receive the cock back in her mouth and down her throat. Before she can shake her head, she's shaken with a load of come that glistens and drools out of her mouth and down to her chin.

Both of these films are certified collector's items, well worth a place among anyone's reels of raunch. But to preface these two—why not a cartoon? Yep Porn cartoons have arrived. If you want to sample one, pick up "Snowy and the Dwarfs." It's about 100 feet long (as opposed to the standard 200 feet for an 8mm film), just above five minutes worth of celluloid silliness as the raunchy little guys climb into Snowy's cunt and have a few wild adventures as they spew out quarts of cartoon cum and show off their elastic tools in a variety of improbable ways.

All films mentioned in this column were supplied for review by the folks at Kinematics, Box 352, New York 10019. All films are available in regular 8mm color, last approximately 10 minutes, and are mounted on 200 foot reels.

Exclusive! A Flick Exclusive

An Outrageous Interview With John Waters

By Roger Peptus

The World's Most Famous X-Rated Film Director Won't Flush for Everything!

□ Can you laugh at your own shit? Do you flush without looking? Is fat beautiful? John Waters is the only filmmaker working today who doesn't flush the toilet. He lets it sit there and thinks about it. It makes him laugh. The fact that people flush the toilet without looking makes him laugh. Starting with *Hag in a Black Leather Jacket* in 1964 through *Female Trouble* in 1974, Waters has consistently produced X-rated cinema with a difference. They test the limits of disgust. They are surreal pictures of a world in which people wallow in what 'normal folk' hide away (Flush). There is nothing 'normal' about his films. Catapulted to national prominence by the success of *Pink Flamingos* in 1972, Waters has not muted his vision. Each new film reveals more sacred cows to laugh at, more iron stomachs that turn. Waters challenges his viewers to expand their capacity to laugh at the world in all its vulgarity. *Desperate Living*, his most elaborate project to date will disappoint none of his fans and perhaps add legions to his converts. If you can laugh at a John Waters film you can walk through this life with fear of being 'offended'. And what a pleasure that is.

John Waters Interview

Flick: What would you do with \$2 million and Farah Fawcett-Majors?

Waters: If I had \$2 million and Farah-Fawcett-Majors, I'd make four movies and fire Farah...

F: And if you had to use her?

W: I guess I'd turn her over to Van Smith who's my ugly expert. He does all my make-up. We'd give her a new look, maybe a wig with real thin hair.

F: Does everything in your films proceed

from your vision or is there a lot of improvisation by the characters?

W: NO. It's completely written and rehearsed. The whole thing is made just like a very conventional movie... There's no improvisation. Months of rehearsal before we do any of it.

F: Does the \$65,000 budget on *Desperate Living* represent the real expense?

W: That's exactly what it costs.

F: Impressive.

Sex in all my films is certainly anything but erotic. That's because I am sick of hearing about the "joys" of this sex or that. To me it's just humor. I think sex is ludicrous and funny like everything else.

W: That's why we rehearse so much before we shoot. We don't have to sit there while the dollars are ticking away... We know exactly what we are going to do before we get there.

F: Whose films did you enjoy when you were growing up?

W: The films I grew up on were Herschel Lewis, who made *Blood Thief*, 2000 Maniacs, the early Russ Meyer movies, all the drive-in movies.

F: Those are the ones you went to and liked?

W: I still do!

F: But as a child?

W: The first movie I ever saw was *Cinderella*. That and *The Wizard of Oz* are the two I remember the most. I always liked the evil characters.

F: Did you always want to be a filmmaker?

W: I was a puppeteer first but, yeah, the first film I made was when I was 16.

F: What filmmakers make you laugh?

W: Bunuel makes me laugh and Fassbinder... Russ Meyer makes me laugh.

F: I see a progression in the films away from 'privileged moments' and towards sociological plotting?

W: They have always had complicated plots.

F: What's next?

W: I'm doing a love story next. I've made so many hate stories I think it's time to do a really exaggerated love story with a lot of blazing fires and sunsets.

F: NO! Really?

W: Yeah, but of course it's not going to be...

F: Of course...

W: Believe me it's not going to be *Benji*.

F: I have no doubt. I can see other people calling their films 'a John Waters film' meaning a special category.

W: That's nice, to be a brand of film.

F: A brand of humour... Are you trying to make the standardly repulsive into the outrageously beautiful?

W: Well, you see all those people look beautiful to me.

F: They do?

W: Yeah, I mean I think Edie is just really beautiful. First of all, I like looks where no one else looks like them. So when you walk down the street you never say, 'Is that Edie?' you know, 'THAT IS EDIE!'. That's the kind of looks I really like. To me that looks beautiful. I mean the Ugly is a Beautiful thing, well there's lots of room for reversal in my films but they aren't reversals for me.

F: Is there room for standard beauty?

W: I think Mary Viven Pierce is beautiful

Flick Exclusive! A Flick Exclusive

A Flick Exclusive! A Flick



Director John Waters (right center in black sweater) joins the cast for Water's latest New Line Cinema release **Desperate Living**.



Cult heroine Divine in a scene from **Female Trouble**.



Edith Massey, whose rise to stardom began as Miss Edie, the Egg Lady, in **Pink Flamingos**, snarls for the camera in a scene from **Desperate Living**.

in some of the films, I think Divine looks beautiful, I mean that's BEAUTY.

F: Do you miss Divine?

W: Yeah, but it was fun to work with new people. And I think Liz Renay looked beautiful. At 51 years old, I want to look that good at 35.

F: How old are you?

W: 31

F: Do you finance all your films?

W: This one has some backers, but people who believe in my work not businessman.

F: Have you had big budget temptation?

W: Yeah but they've been people who didn't know what they were doing. They want to come in and control the whole thing. For what reason I don't even know.

F: Are you happy working with these budgets?

At home I play opera records. Otherwise I don't have much rhythm and I don't know too much about music. I like to look at the "punk" rock musicians. I love the "punk" attitude. Their music is fun in person, but when I'm at home alone I'd rather listen to Birgit Nilsson.

W: Each time I've doubled the budget. The next one is going to cost \$125,000. I started out with **Mondo Trasho** costing \$2,500 and worked up to \$65,000.

F: With today's unreal budgets it hardly seems enough for coffee for the crew.

W: But that film did cost \$2,500.

F: How could you mix the sound?

W: We didn't. On **Multiple Manics** and **Pink Flamingos** were both filmed on single system newsreel cameras. Sound right on the film. I didn't even have a work print with **Pink Flamingos**. I edited the original.

F: So **Female Trouble** was the first luxury production?

W: That was the first one with double system sound and a work print. That's how you make it on that amount of money.

Liz Renay strikes a characteristic pose in **Desperate Living**.



Susan Lowe in **Desperate Living**.



clusive! A Flick Exclusive!

Exclusive! A Flick Exclusive

F: They don't look it.

W: Well we just plan them. It's not a bunch of people just high, having fun, which is what a lot of people think. The people in the film aren't like that!

F: They aren't?

W: No!

F: But when Divine eats shit at the end of *Pink Flamingos*...

W: That's real, there's no cut. You can tell it's real—no cut—away.

F: After *Star Wars*, Hollywood could probably fake even that.

W: Well if we ever made a sequel to that we could just have Divine shit and the dog come over and eat it.

F: Do you worry about repeating yourself? Each time I come to the theatre thinking, 'what else can he do?'

W: It's like a job to think that stuff up. I am not trying to top the disgusting part. As a matter of fact, I'm trying to get a little away from it, each movie. Only because I've done it so many times. It's not new to me anymore.

We rehearse and plan all our films very carefully. People think they are put together by a bunch of people just high, having fun. The people in my films aren't like that at all. The closest we come to drugs is Divine shooting up eyeliner in *Female Trouble*.

F: But you've never disappointed me!

W: But I think it's gotten gradually less. Look, when we made *Pink Flamingos* no one knew one thing about us, we had a small budget. We had to do something that would really grab people's attention. Give them a cinema first and last.

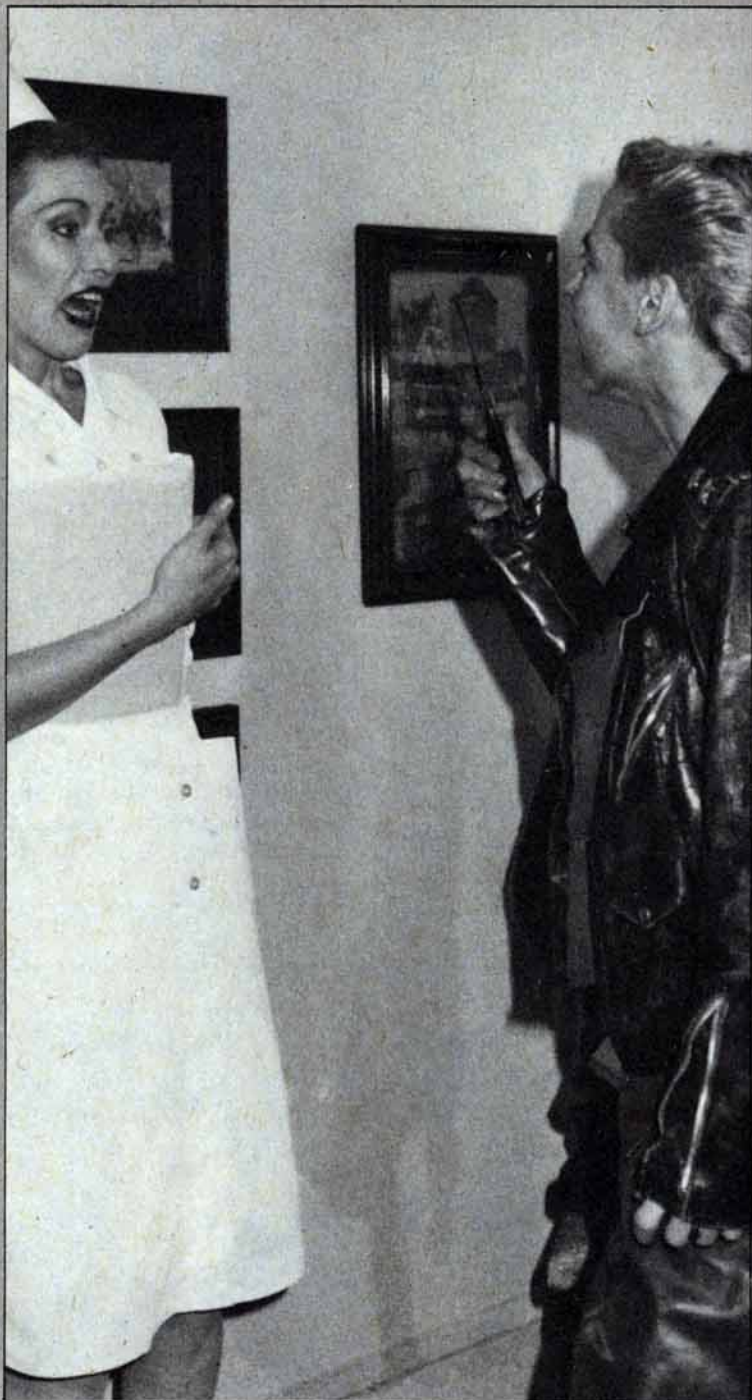
F: In the same sense, Divine fucking him/herself in *Female Trouble* is a first and last.

W: That might not be a last. I can imagine someone doing that but I can't imagine someone eating shit. It was just sort of a joke. For years people say to you, EAT SHIT. So she did it.

F: What do you think about music?

W: You see I don't have rhythm. So I don't know too much about music. At home I play opera records. I like old rhythm and blues, I like to look at the punks. I love the punk attitude. The music is real fun in person. But when I'm

(Continued on page 65)



Flick Exclusive! A Flick Ex

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FLICK'S Wierd, Wild Way-Outs!

OUTRAGEOUS CRAIG

■ Coming off his smash success in the movie "Outrageous", female impersonator Craig Russell is attracting rave notices for his "one man, 20 women" review. In it he portrays a galaxy of stars and the evening is far from being a drag. A personal triumph for Craig and a public triumph for adult entertainment, his show should be a must-see when it begins to tour the country.

Craig scores impressively as Peggy Lee, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Carol Channing, Ethel Merman, Pearl Bailey, Bette Midler, Sarah Vaughn, Barbara Stanwyck, Lucille Ball, Tallulah Bankhead, Bette Davis, Barbra Streisand and Judy Garland. The great thing about Russell is that he doesn't take himself too seriously. The result is an evening that blends his visual and vocal skills with a generous load of humor.

Sometimes he can get pretty wild (he has an Anita Bryant parody in which the lady starts shouting "Oh Jesus, I feel you in me!" while shoving a bible between her legs). More often he just cracks everyone up with one-liners ("Eat a beaver—save a tree") and bizarre asides. As he begins his Bette Davis imitation—including her strange squatting walk, he says "all you need to do for this impression is take a quick enema!" In one scene he has Tallulah Bankhead saying "I haven't had so much fun since Bette Davis and I raped a nun. It turned out to be Helen Reddy. Later Helen was arrested for loitering in front of an orchestra."

Any last words? How about these: "If God hadn't intended for you to eat it—he wouldn't have shaped it like a taco!"





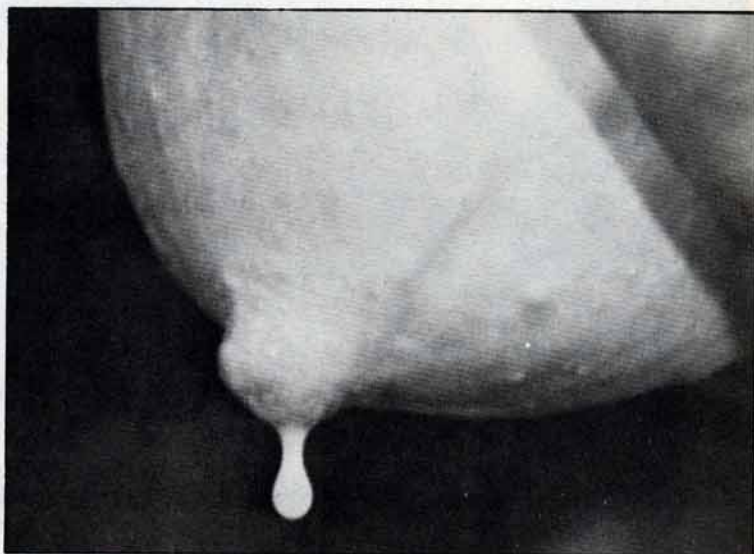
MILK IS A NATURAL

■ "With both breasts flowing milk he took them between his palms and squeezed them together until a drop of milk appeared on the tip of each nipple. He stuck out his tongue and licked each nipple clean, sending a shiver down my spine and into my vagina. He squeezed my breasts together again and he sucked the beads of milk that formed on my nipples. Soon he began to suck my breasts hard, sucking milk out in spurts and swallowing the liquid as it filled his mouth. He took my breasts and squeezed them so hard the milk shot from both of them and covered his face and chest. I was nearly orgasmic. I gripped and stroked his erect penis and pretty soon I felt it begin to throb and it spurted cum all over me. I shuddered with uncontrollable delight."

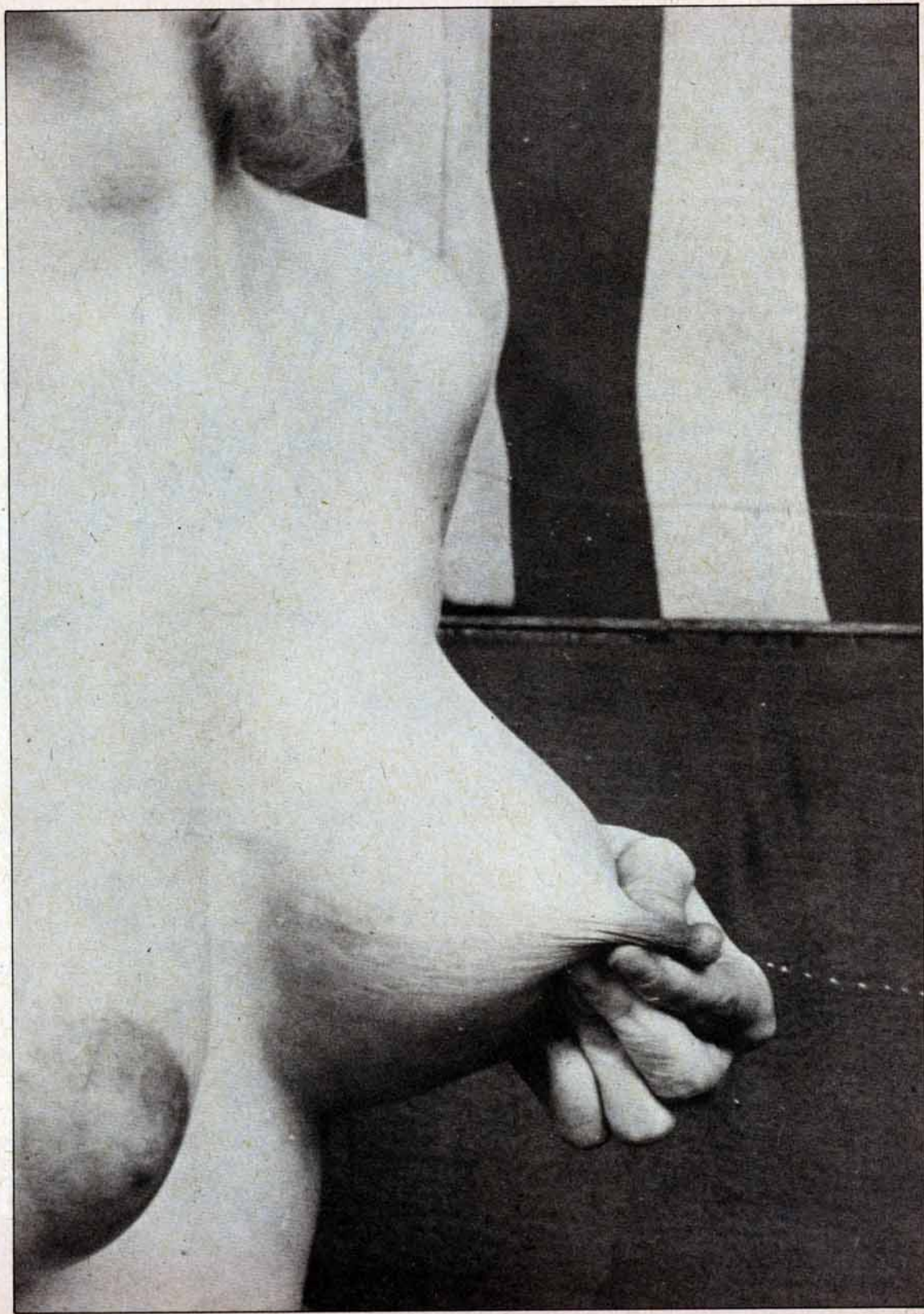
"A woman who is not currently lactating can stimulate her breasts to produce milk," says Dr. Marvin Eiger. "Women who have never been pregnant or who have not been pregnant for years have been able to stimulate their breasts to produce milk."

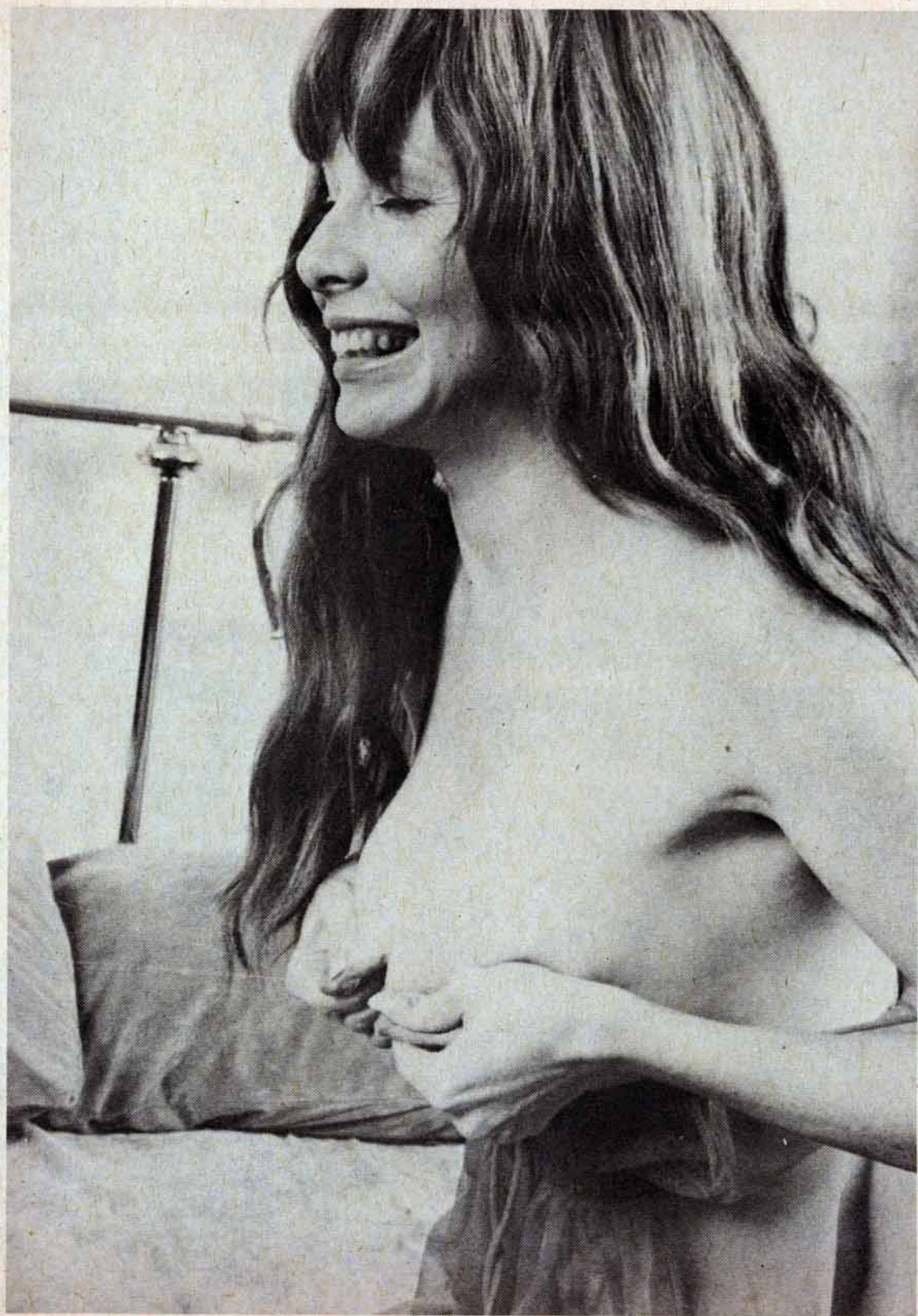
Guys—this letter from an authentic milk maid proves it. There's a great sensation to be derived from lactation! Guys get off watching their chicks spurting milk (and it's tasty, too). Girls cum too, digging the sensations from their sensitive stiff nipples. Down at the 250 Book Center, 250 West 42nd Street, there are now entire magazines devoted to showing buxom babies dripping and spurring their loads all over their hot and horny lovers. There are even a few 8mm movies around that show all the action! But best of all—any chick can drum up some dew from her dairies!

"Your husband won't be stealing candy



Get The Lactation Sensation!







from his baby if he gets an occasional swallow of your good milk," writes Sally Olds in "The Complete Book of Breast-feeding." But although "the baby's sucking can be an intensely pleasurable, sensual act" and "some women experience clitoral sensations and vaginal lubrication," milky tits aren't strictly a bonus for women who have had babies.

Wet nurses—ladies with copious loads of milk just waiting to burst from their boobies—have helped out dry mothers for centuries. These remarkable women can turn their tits on and off like faucets. The fact is, that with a little care and practice, practically any woman can get her juices flowing, whether she's had a baby or not!

"A woman who is not currently lactating can stimulate her breasts to produce milk," says Dr. Marvin Eiger. "Women who have

never been pregnant or who have not been pregnant for years have been able to stimulate their breasts to produce milk."

By gently squeezing and manipulating the breasts in the proper manner, any lovely lady can bring forth a gusher. In fact, some girls produce so much milk that can spurt it clear across the room from an uncovered breast.

And "The Complete Book of Breastfeeding" (a \$1.50 pocket book) has diagrams showing how.

The book dabbles and dribbles into folklore too. Did you know that men can

give milk, too? It's a fact that babies often spew out a few drops of "witch's milk" shortly after birth. Stimulating the breasts to start the mammary milk manufacturing works isn't difficult. The glands are just ready for the right manipulation.

All through the ages men have been creaming over the idea of bulgy breasted women raining down the milk of human kindness. In Greek mythology, "The Milky Way" was supposedly formed when Zeus put his son Herakles to the breast of the goddess Hera—and afterward milk continued to flow from her nipples. Some went up into the sky forming the galaxy, and the rest dropped to the earth, creating flowers.

By gently squeezing and manipulating the breasts in the proper manner, any lovely lady can bring forth a gusher. In fact some girls produce so much milk that they must visit a "milk bank" once a week—a hospital office where the precious fluid is stored up for women gone temporarily dry. Dr. Eiger says, "Occasionally, a woman will have so much milk that it will spurt clear across the room from an uncovered breast."

Mona, one of the ladies pictured letting loose with a titty torrent, has her own technique: "Her fingers gently massage her breasts until there is a subtle movement inside. She knows just when the eruption is ready to take place. She loves to show off her spray. Unless she gets attention from her man, she will splash her milk on everyone and everything in sight!"

When his cock is coated with her cream, she drops down and sucks up every drop. She lets him suck on her booby bounty and he gets several hot streams of milk right in his face. Then the milky miss lies at his feet and he douses her with his own juice—heaping gobs of cum on her face, mouth and tits.

Aside from being the star of the \$4.50 magazine "Milk Maid," Mona is featured in a movie of the same name from "Collection Films Inc." In it, Mona squeezes her tits on the big black dick of her lover. When his cock is coated with her cream, she drops down and sucks up every drop. And later, she lets him suck on her booby bounty and he gets several hot streams of milk right in his face. For the finale, the milky miss lies at his feet and he douses her with his own juice—heaping gobs of cum on her face, mouth and tits.

Will all girls be walking around in plastic-lined bras, creaming in their coffee in restaurants, spurring their loads when they get orgasmic? Who knows—if they massage their mammaries and really get into it, we might have a new national pastime! MILK is a natural!

WHAT MEN WANT TO SEE IN PORNO FILMS

By Fritz von Kaufmann

EDITOR'S NOTE: Fritz von Kaufmann, aged seventy-eight, is the world-renowned Hollywood director of the Forties and Fifties. Recently, he attempted to resuscitate his fading career by directing a low-budget porno film. Herewith he presents some of his views about the genre of sex-films.

■ I believe that what men want to see in porno films is: a pussy penetrating a cock.

Now you will say that this is impossible, that it cannot be done—that a hole, a vacuum, an empty space, cannot penetrate a solid object like a dick. And you would be right. Nonetheless I am sure this is what men want to see in porno films. They want to see impossible sex acts, they want to hear impossible dialogue, they want to stare at impossible people. They want to see penises as long as Zeppelins. They want to see vaginas as big as caves. Above all, they want to be assured that they are missing something in their lives—that they are missing impossible sex acts, impossible women, impossible breasts, impossible amounts of semen. This is what keeps them coming back to porno films and keeps them enthralled with the whole genre.

By optical printing of two different images, porno directors have created the illusion of ejaculation. The images are a hard penis and a stream of thick, gooey, white liquid, superimposed on one another to make it seem like a male orgasm.

Let me elaborate on this thesis. In my own porno film, entitled *Dark Juice*, I have a hero whose semen was blue. When the audience saw that his semen was blue, they all felt jealous. They wanted blue semen too. They had been shown something impossible and yet felt jealous. They wanted the impossible. It was this desire for the impossible that kept them coming back to view my film over and over again.

In my film there was also urolagnia, pissing. But the piss was blue. I made it look blue with filters in the camera, but of course the audience did not know this. They believed in the impossible. They

"The screams of the feminist movement notwithstanding, in the movies men must come outside the woman's pussy. The sperm is the obligatory scene, or obligatory image, if you will. Sperm must coat the screen or audiences will demand their money back."

wanted blue piss. So they kept coming back to see my film to get the slightest hint, from the script, on how to piss blue. They wanted to perform impossible acts of urination just like my hero. They could not piss blue, obviously, no matter how hard they tried. Therefore they felt assured that they were missing something in their lives. This is what made my film a success.

In my film I had a female character with three breasts. Three breasts, you say. You must have had good make-up to have a nude woman with three breasts. To that I say "pshaw." Make-up is not good for porno-films. I used trick photography, triple exposure. Actually the actress portraying the character in the film had only one breast. Ergo, triple exposure. And the audience believed it and wanted to meet a girl with three breasts. This, too, made my film a success. Men want the impossible! Im-poss-i-ble! This is what they want.

Let me describe a scene in my film to you. My hero with blue semen and blue piss, his name was Bill. An ordinary Amerikanische name for an extraordinary fellow. He met the girl with three bosoms in a bar. This girl's name was Sophia. They went home to her apartment and got into the bed. Sophia opened up her blouse and showed that she had three breasts. Trick photography. Bill gasped and said he did not want to go to bed with a woman who

had three "bubbles." So Sophia said to him, "Bill, I know that although you may try to hide it there is something about you that is also very abnormal. I don't mean I expect you should have three cockies but it is possible that something about your single cockie is weird. Well Bill, confess to me what it is. I am sure you are as abnormal as me." And as she spoke this speech Sophia ran her fingers over her three big nipples.

My hero said to her, "Sophia, despite democratic theory and the words of Thomas Jefferson, all men are not created equal. Yes you are right I am very abnormal, just like you. And here is the proof." And he took out his penis and aimed it at her face and out shot a long stream of blue piss. The girl screamed in horror.

"You are much more abnormal than I

"Porno audiences want come shots. They do not want to think the actor fakes the climax of the dramatic scene. They need to see the evidence or the drama is not convincing."

expected, Bill," she gasped. "I expected maybe a yard-long hose, or twenty-four inches maybe, but blue piss never. You are disgusting. Leave my apartment."

But Bill was too worked up to leave. Obviously the climax of the scene was approaching and he could not leave! He looked at Sophia disdainfully and said, "I will not go. You are a fine one to talk, you with three rubbery bubs. Well I have a big surprise for you. The blue piss is only part of my story." And with those words he proceeded to—how do you say it in English—jack-off until he squirted a bubbly load of blue juice all over the bedclothes. Sophia screamed even louder at this.

"Dark juice!" she screamed. "Dark juice! Get out! Get out!"

But at this point my hero was too indignified with Sophia's hypocritical attitude to leave. So instead of leaving he

(Continued on page 63)

The realm of the impossible keeps audiences coming back to porno films as well as enthralled with the whole genre!



FELICIA:

An Awfully Nice Sinema Slice!



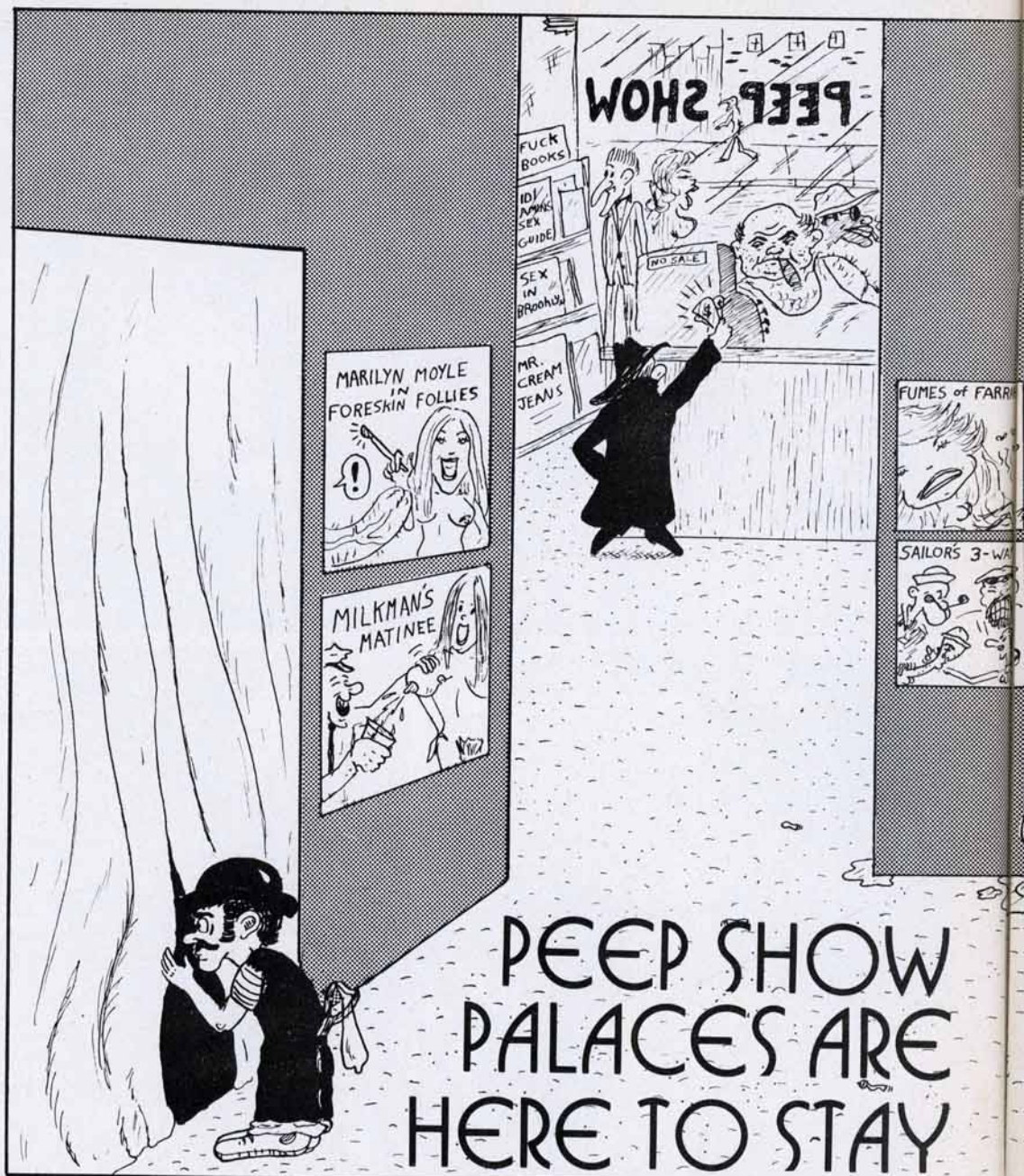
Not a day goes by at FLICK without our editors viewing the latest hard-core film stars either posing in sultry modified spread shots, such as lovely new starlet Felicia here, or else, in some super action shots. Hot young talent know a spread in FLICK can start a career.







Felicia, for example, was just another secretary in a stenography pool before she learned about the thrills of a glamorous movie career. Imagine, all she had to do was open her legs while the camera went click and suddenly her pictures are making her thousands of new fans!



■ From the beginning of man's reign on this planet, he has endeavored to entertain himself in one way or another, particularly with works of art that tell him something about himself. Always artists have used themes which were especially sensitive to the plight of human beings in an otherwise cruel world.

As our world becomes more geared for the entertainment of the human imagina-

tion, less and less is left to the speculation of the mind. It might be argued that the artistic experience has been cheapened by the new wave of "anything goes" books and movies. But to sell short explicit films and books, is to discredit the human capacity for entertainment of fantasy.

In films particularly all aspects of human existence have been dealt with, sometimes honestly, sometimes not. Anyone who

watches television probably wonders if the "Angels" ever piss or shit or play with their tampons or anything that doesn't involve prancing around looking gorgeous in a processed way. For years Americans were presented with an idealized image of what man and woman should be, not what they really were. The film establishment became strong enough to control what we saw, therefore we did not get to see or hear

- 1) STEP BEHIND CURTAIN
- 2) DROP QUARTER IN SLOT
- 3) SHOOT YOUR WAD
- 4) HAVE A CIGARETTE

ALL EMPLOYEES
MUST
WASH HANDS BEFORE
LEAVING BOOTHS

GAG FILMS



A HANDFUL OF QUARTERS IS YOUR PASSPORT TO ANY
SEXUAL FANTASY YOUR CROTCH-DESIRES!

By Stoke-Cofes

Steven Pearl

certain things. This conservative policy was not effected in the early days of the celluloid industry. Many early films depicted bare skin and other realities of the world.

But in the past decade, there has been an unheralded revolution in the fight for truth on the screen. The pornographic film and magazine industries have been fighting a minority represented by the more

conservative side of our society. Harry Reems and Larry Flynt are but two of the victims to suffer under the tyranny of red-necked juries. It seems that good old fashioned sucking and fucking are not looked upon as natural by all of those old hog fuckers down on the farm.

Is this wave of repression going to continue? Maybe not. Film makers, writers and actors are guaranteed certain rights in

the Constitution and as long as someone tries to take those rights away, then no doubt explicit movies will be made. It is the nature of man to fight when something is denied him. Perhaps one day the Knights of Columbus will give up and let the pornographers go about their way. Until then, it is up to the industry to keep making movies which will titillate the viewer.

(Continued on page 54)

ROLLERBITCH!

Young, sexy and snotty!

That's how you describe the new rollerbitch girls who hit hard below the belt. To hard-drive a rollerbitch be sure that you are in top form. They expect you to give your all because they truly give as much!











It's almost impossible to satisfy
a rollerbitch. They are so filled with erotic anger that they use every way imaginable to
channel their hostility into sexual creativity.



Public Sex Is Now!

■ Larry Levenson's a guy who likes to give parties. When he got out of the army two years ago and went home to Brooklyn, he threw himself a party, some friends came over, and, by the end of the night, they wound up fucking each other's partners.

The parties continued until the lease ran out on Larry's apartment. After a few weeks, his friends began to call up and ask about the parties. They were so upset, Larry says, that he knew he had to do something.

So he rented out a health club in Manhattan, after the club's closing hours. He then called his parties a "private club" and charged couple's admission to get in. The rules were simple: couples only (and single women); and once inside a woman's refusal of a sexual advance had to be respected.

Otherwise, sexual swapping was the name of the game. Bring your old lady; fuck someone else's. Let your fantasies come true. See a beautiful lady that turns you on? Walk over, and in a few minutes she may be sucking you off. Get off on foursomes? Introduce your wife, meet his, and get ready for some wild positions. Anything goes.

don't, they are quickly told.

Admission, or "membership" is \$30 per couple. That taken care of, coats are checked, and the couple is ready to descend the carpeted stairs that lead the way to the ultimate fulfillment of their fantasies . . .

In the orgy space there is always a spot of warm flesh waiting for any hand you may happen to have free. Even as you are fucking, hands will emerge from nowhere to massage the most private parts of your body.

At the foot of the stairs, they can see the dance floor. Disco music pounds through the air incessantly. Some of the dancers are dressed up. Some have towels on. Others are wearing nothing at all.

To the right of the dance floor, there are chairs spread out over the luxuriously carpeted floor. The people sitting in them may have clothes on, or they may have

"It is thrilling to cast aside all of the worldly cares and woes, to walk among your fellow creatures without shame of your naked body, to stick your dick into a wet hole while a guy next to you rubs his girl's clitoris!"

The Future Is Here!

BY CHAS BAKER

Larry named his Couple's Club "Plato's Retreat," and the word began to spread. Couples who had been swinging in suburban living rooms started driving into the city. Curious young women dropped in and liked what they saw. Soon all kinds of people, people you'd never suspect were swingers, like the housewife ahead of you in the supermarket line, began to crowd into Plato's on weekends.

Unfortunately, Larry encountered problems with his health club landlord, and had to move Plato's to a barren loft in a Fifth Avenue office building. (see *Stud*, November 1977). The facilities left much to be desired, but, as Larry put it, "at least we kept the place going."

Now, Larry has found a permanent home for Plato's Retreat—the old Continental Baths, the gay bathhouse where Bette Midler first came to prominence. Only now the gays are gone, and Larry, after signing a ten year lease, has fixed the place up for its new clientele—sexually promiscuous heterosexuals.

The location is no secret. Outside the door on W. 74th St., right in the middle of Manhattan's fancy upper west side, Larry put up a large sign that reads "Plato's Retreat—Private Club—Couples Only." At the door, couples are asked "You know what kind of place this is, right?" If they

towels on. They may also be nude, and in the process of unabashed sexual activity. Nobody even looks twice as an attractive young woman is bent over a middle-aged man's midsection, her head bobbing up and down as she gives a furiously loving blow-job to a man she probably hasn't known for more than five minutes.

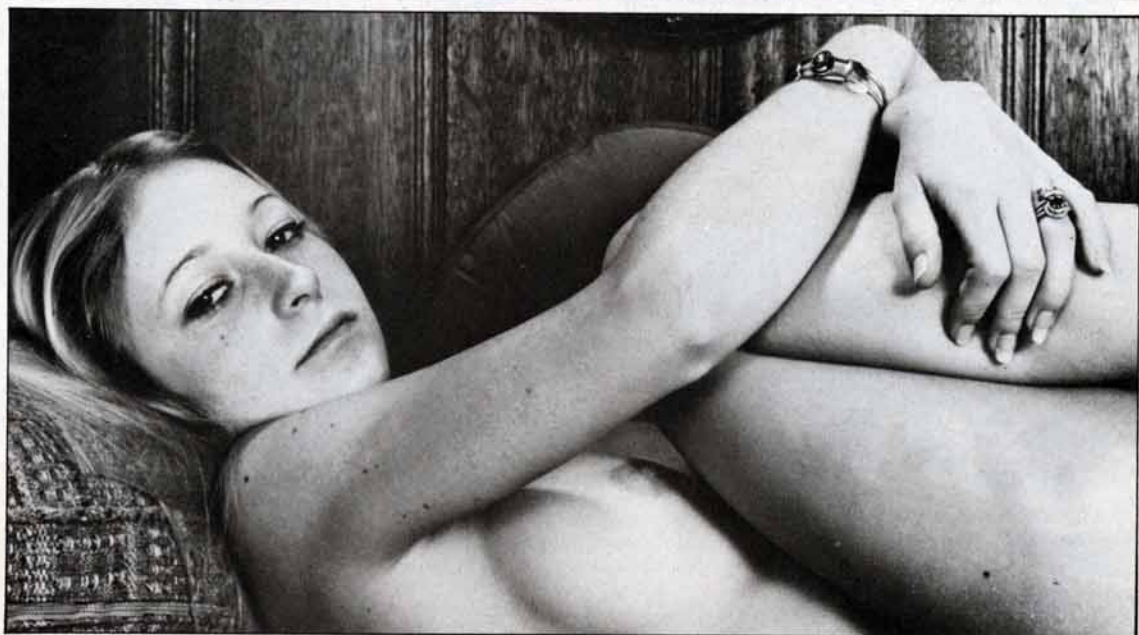
Sometimes two ladies will combine and "do" a lone male who suddenly realizes his asshole and cock are being simultaneously orally stimulated by two broads who—for all he knows—might have sat behind him in church on Sunday.

Behind the chairs there is a whirlpool. Joints and hash pipes are routinely passed around by nude men and women lolling in the incredibly relaxing warm water. Most couples come here after making love, but some use it as an opportunity to begin their foreplay. A guy who sits next to a woman, for example, will usually put his hand on her leg, and, if he isn't gently pushed

(Continued on page 58)



THE Inter'LUDES OF LOVE!



Ever wonder how porn directors are able to get actresses to spread so completely and so shamelessly and with such devotion! The secret is simple. They use love 'n 'ludes. We all know what 'ludes are, right. And, I hope we all know a little about love. What a combination!











You can't mix 'ludes with alcohol because that's dangerous. But 'ludes and love can make a chick pliant and ready for practically anything you might have in mind. Now, we don't say that what porn directors do you should be doing in the privacy of your home, but at least you should be informed.

We made a home pornie- and got all screwed up!

Here's How To Star In Your Own Super-8 Spectacular!

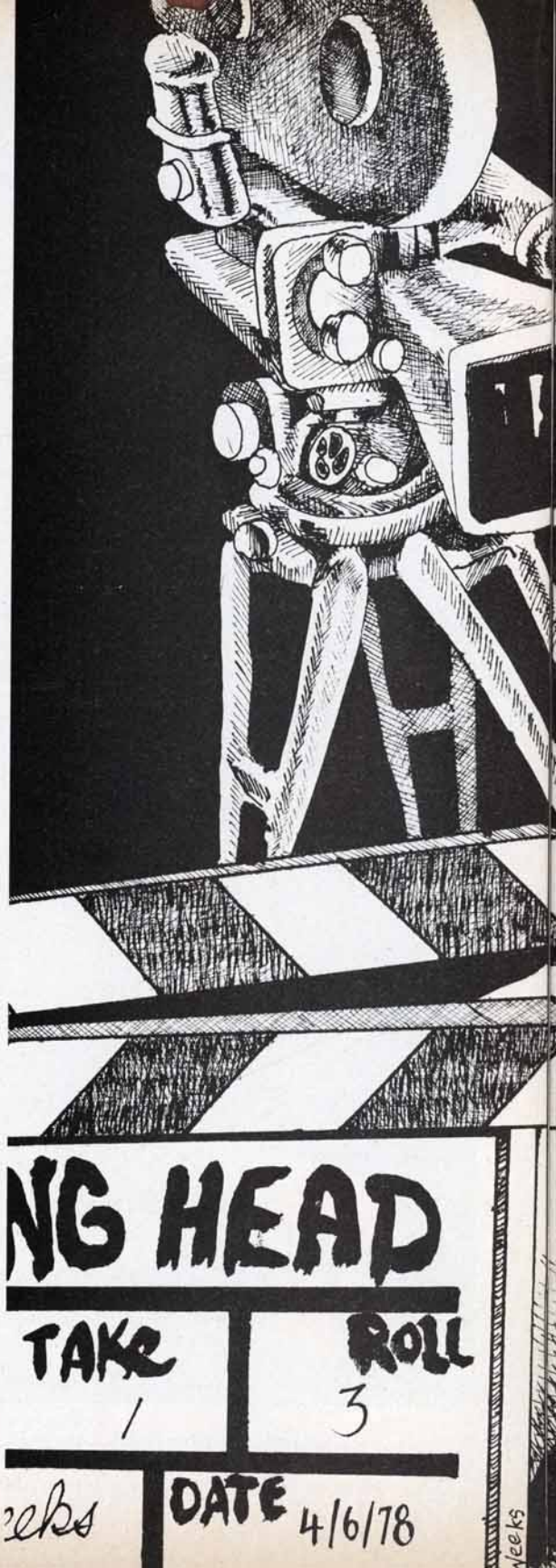
BY ALFRED COCKBURN

■ I hadn't thought about making a porn flick with Doreen. It was all her idea, and it all started the day I got a letter from her in the mail—with a naked Polaroid snapshot enclosed.

We made sure the camera was in focus. Then she padded over to the bed, got herself comfortable, and spread her legs wide, arching up in the air. She was spread-eagled, her cunt pulled apart by her fingers.

We had been separated for nearly two months because she was on assignment. She's a fashion model and she was shooting some crazy car commercial out in the desert near Reno, Nevada. Anyway, we had had a number of torrid telephone calls, and we exchanged letters that the post office should've classified as obscene material passing through state lines. But that day, Doreen sent me a letter, and with it out came this glossy little color picture. Doreen was in a motel room, with just a tiny bra trying to hold in her mammoth boobs. Other than that she was nude. She had her pert little fanny thrust toward the

(Continued on page 58)





TITANIC TITS

Of Filmdom



It's what's up front that counts for both a chick and a gal. A gal is interested in the size of a guy's cock and a man, more often than not, is eager to have a chick who has got a big set of knockers. This has always been an American trait. Our people like things that are big. **BIG IS BETTER!**











True, you can argue that quality is more important than quantity, however, sometimes you can get lucky and have quality as well as quantity. Small tits are okay, medium tits are better, but titanic tits are best of all. Big boobs are the best all-night sucker you'd ever want to put your lips on.

How To Get Sucked Off At A Peep Show

By Rod Steele

■ Peep shows are on the rise all throughout the United States. Once a phenomenon of the cities, peep shows are now available to horny folks all over America, mostly quietly tucked away in a suburban shopping center, or in the warehouse districts of many minor cities. If you look hard enough you'll find a peep show.

Now that men are finally becoming more aware of their sexuality they are discovering that finding sexual release is one of the most therapeutic happenings in a single day. Like eating and shitting, sexual release is extremely important to a man's sense of well being. But finding sex in America can be a long and arduous task, expensive too. It doesn't have to be, however. Lately men have been able to appreciate many surrogate sex situations where they can efficiently and effectively orgasm at negligible effort, and at minimal expense to their time and wallets.

Apprehensive at first, but willing to see the sexual adventure through to the end, I stood up and went toward the wall. I stuck my cock through the hole and lips closed over it and consumed my root down to the bottom.

The peep show has contributed to this state of affairs. This story may not please all men, but it is designed to provide some additional thoughts to ponder in the realm of sexual possibilities at peep shows. First of all, peep shows are valuable because for a couple of quarters you can dip into a private booth, unzip your fly and whack off while becoming consumed by the erotic fantasies and images on the small viewing screen. Personally, I find that I need to orgasm at least once a day and I prefer to shoot my wad as many as three times a day, depending on how horny or energetic I am feeling.

My first wife was not as hot into sex as I would have hoped. I married as a teen-ager and my appetite for sex then was not fully developed as it is now. We have since separated and now I have two steady girlfriends, and in addition to them, I hang out at singles bars, and at discos where I meet and fuck chicks on a regular basis. Fortunately, I look very good for a man of 33 years. I mean, I am masculine, I have a top-notch body and a thick dick, a nice seven inches, a size guaranteed to please.

I first got into peep shows after visiting a friend who was having an orgy. There were 8mm movies playing nonstop in every room in his house. He simply took large reels of films and strung them all together and the result was hours of hot sucking and fucking, amidst the reality of hot horny female bodies aslame with perspiration and passion. I got off on the films in a big way because I saw how the chicks were reacting to them. I mean, you give a chick a qualude and turn on a fuck film and you'll have her doing anything; whether it be taking it up the ass or any of the wildest things you could ever think of doing.

I thought to myself at the fuckfilm orgy, "Hell, I want to get myself a super-8 projector and go hog wild with a whole set of films." And, that's exactly what I did. I asked my friend where he got his films and how he came by such an excellent collection of erotica. He told me he read the 8mm film reviews in the magazines, but that he also had an opportunity to see the films at peep shows.

The mouth sucked at the tip, slurped along the shaft. I could actually feel the throat tighten so that when the head of my cock actually went down the throat the constricted throat walls sent unimaginable waves of pleasure through me.

Well, that's where I got my first introduction to peep shows. My buddy took me to my first peep show. We went in and got dollars converted into change and really went to town. The peep show layout is usually rather similar in all cases where peep shows are found. Generally the front of the store is filled with hard-core magazines where you also find enclosed in glass counters sex aid devices and dildoes, not to mention amyl nitrite imitation liquids and aspirators (which I'll tell you more about later). In the back of the place you find the marvelous plywood creations which house small coin-operated projectors and these are your passport to sexual excitement. Usually there are a dozen or more booths—depending on the size of the peep show—and each contains a different film. Where the peep show has its shit together you can figure out what film is playing because the title of the film and a hot slurpy scene from it is plastered on the front of the plywood. After checking out which scene, title, or plot description turns you on, the next step is to open the door of the booth, or pull the curtain (depending on how its built) and deposit yourself on the small stool in front of the viewing screen. You are now ready to begin viewing, and depending on how many quarters you've got, you are set for a fine jerk-off adventure.

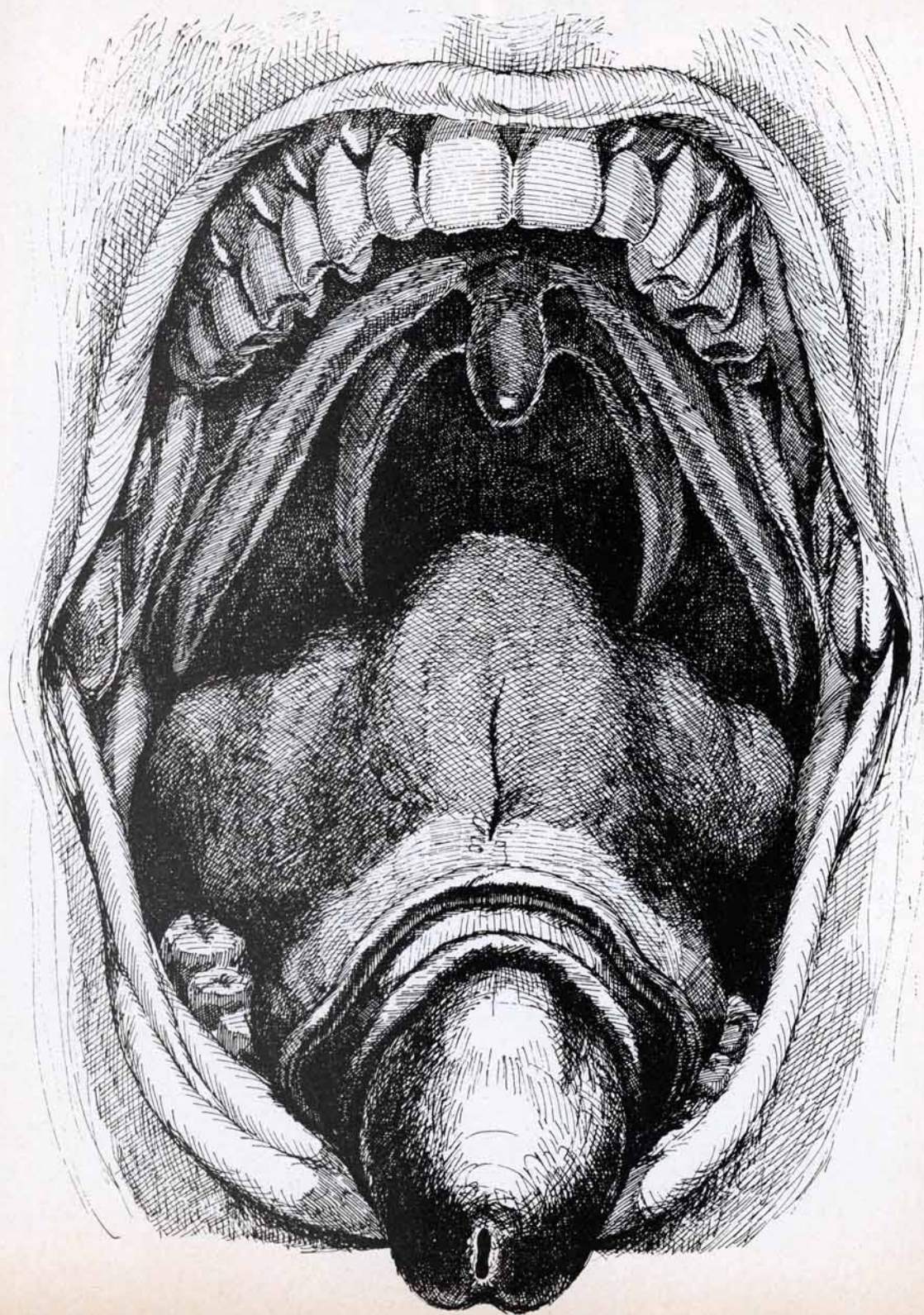
Is there any more to it than that? Actually, yes. Here is where the story gets controversial. Hey, you don't find many chicks hanging out at peep shows. True, just outside you'll see hookers occasionally standing around ready to give a blowjob for \$20 more or less, but if I had to pay that kind of money for every blowjob I get in a week I'd need three jobs!

What made the situation so completely exciting was that I knew the mouth wanted my cock. So often chicks are too fucked up with guilt trips to get off sucking on your joint. They think they're doing you a favor. A really good cocksucker is someone who does it for love of cock.

In a good week I get anywhere from 15 to 20 blowjobs. Sounds impossible? No, it isn't. You want to know how I do it. I'll tell you. But first off, let me tell you that I didn't pay a cent for a single blowjob, and they all happened at peep shows, or else, places like peep shows.

Here's how the first one happened. I was sitting in a peep show booth watching some famous fuckfilm starlet sucking away at this guy's prick. I had my cock out and I was massaging it to its full thick length and just imagining what it would be like to

(Continued on page 62)

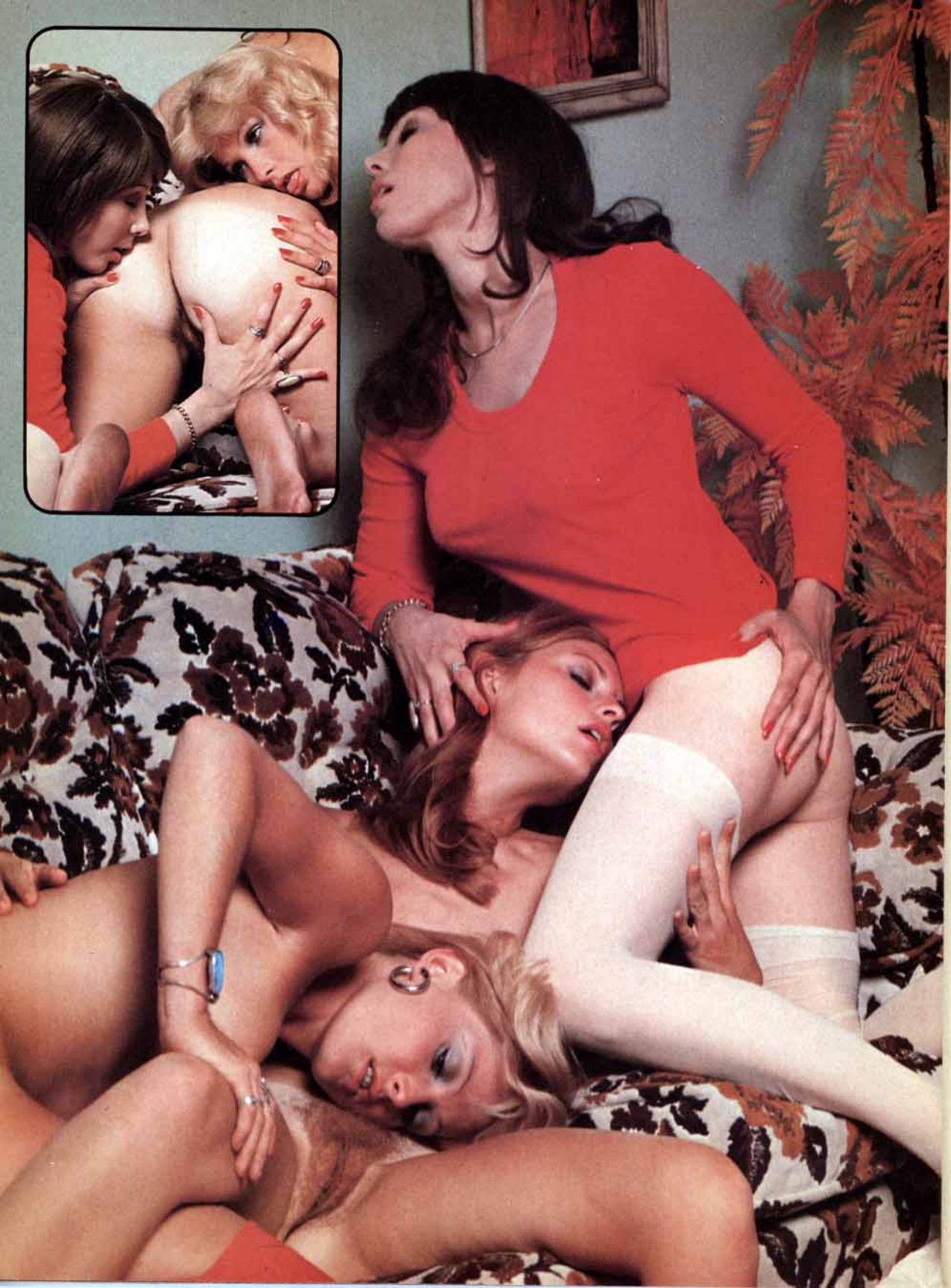
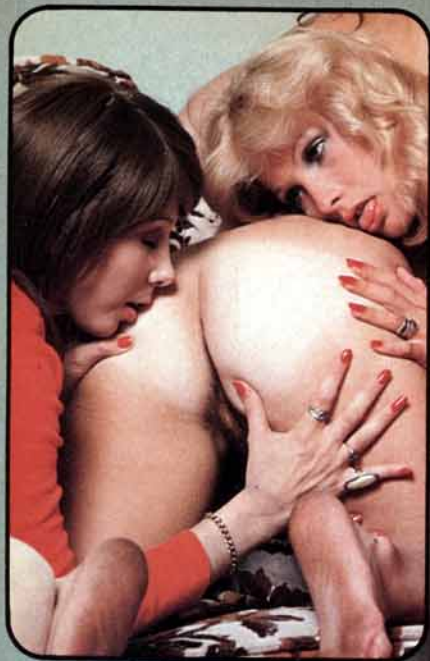


LEZZIE BIRTHDAY PARTY!



Erotic films very often feature hard-core lezzie scenes such as the bizarre but interesting shots on these pages of a hot lez birthday party.







It's a small
three-way party in which one lez lover gives her friend a lez sex doll who becomes a real living
doll—a lez fantasy come true!



It doesn't take long to unwrap
and undress the lez fantasy doll. Then the chicks get around to some sweet feminine love-making.



Don't chicks look sweet and pure
munching away at those special crevices that guys love so well! It's fun to watch chicks do it.
You can learn some techniques, too!

PEEP SHOW PALACES ARE HERE TO STAY

(Continued from page 23)

allowing him to romp on an imaginary trip through sexual experiences which otherwise might be denied to him.

This is the thrill that drives us into the x-rated flick. When we look up on the screen, we see someone acting out our fantasies. It is the viewer who is up on the screen, placing himself in the position of the guy who is butt-fucking some porno-starlet. Of course, the viewer may have to participate vicariously by jerking off in his rain coat, but that seems less repulsive than some old maid in Cincinnati saying: "It is wrong to jerk off in your raincoat." At least the guy jerking off has overcome his inhibitions enough to get off with his own hand.

We fed another quarter into the slot and the blonde continued her oral ministrations to the rigid rod. Her red blow job lips slid up and down the tool until the twitching sperm hose blew giant wads of pecker juice all over the girl's face.

But wouldn't it be terrible if all of the world began jacking off into raincoats? If the leaders of the world sat down for a huge circle jerk, they might get relaxed enough to solve some of the pressing problems facing our existence as a race.

Every year in this country, people frequent the movie houses and bookstores looking for an escape into another world, where problems are sometimes solved, where life is an adventure, where things sometimes go smoothly for men and women. The escape into this world is often a hard task, simply because many people are afraid to launch off into certain forms depicting the more real side of human interaction. Perhaps this is the thing that has kept old ladies reading watered-down romance novels, when they could be watching John Holmes shove twelve inches of hard meat in and out of some young coed. No doubt the old ladies would just love to see John's crank, but they would never admit it.

But there is an answer too for those people who want to titillate their genitals and at the same time be introduced to the fleshy world of pornographic celluloid.

I am talking about the peep show. The good, old-fashioned twenty-five cent peep

show, where for two bits you get a couple of minutes of great hard core in/out. Peep shows are a good way for the novice to become acquainted with the hot world of 8mm fuck films. For just two bits you can at least see what it might be like to have your fantasy happen.

Peep shows are generally associated with the Times Square porno district of New York City's Forty-second Street. The clichéd image which comes to mind is one of pimps, whores and hustlers lurking around the booths to take suckers for their money. But the first peep show I ever saw was in Clearwater, Florida, a quiet retirement community which frowns upon such licentious entertainment. In fact, the adult bookstore where I saw the peep show is raided about once every six months.

On that particular day, however, they were open for business. That was the day I found out about the convenience of peep shows.

At the time I was working at a large department store as a salesman. Needless to say I was bored with the job. My brother had picked me up at work and we had dinner together in a restaurant where my mother works. He was taking me back to work when we passed the adult bookstore. "How about a movie bro," he said.

"What?" I replied.

Hell, I had never been to adult bookstore. I thought only sleaze and scumbags hung out at places like that. But my brother pulled off the street and we went into the place. We entered and I did not see one scumbag or deviant. The other people in the place did not seem any different than me or my brother.

In the back of the place sat the peep show machines. They were not unlike the peep show machines that appeared in the first days of moving pictures. Only those card flipping machines of antiquity were not nearly as explicit as today's peep shows. I can remember as a kid watching the five-cent movies for a glimpse of bare tit, maybe a nipple. I was pleased to see that the twenty-five cent peep show gave more than just bare nipples.

The peep show is a dynamite answer to the flesh flick buff who cannot afford to lug around all of the equipment necessary for a good 8mm home set up. And for the 8mm buff who wants to preview his film, many of the peep show parlors sell the films that they show.

My brother put a quarter in the machine and we came in on the middle of a great cock sucking session. A comely blonde was slurping away at a tool that was so gigantic that it filled the entire screen. The blonde sucked with great enthusiasm,

working up a good rhythm. I was really getting into the scene when the quarter ran out.

I quickly got a dollar's worth of change from the attendant and went back to the peep show box. "I've got to see how this turns out," I said to my brother. He agreed.

We fed another quarter into the slot and the blonde continued her oral ministrations to the rigid rod. Her red blow job lips slid up and down the tool until the twitching sperm hose blew giant wads of pecker snot all over the girl's face.

Still wanting more entertainment, we moved to the next box. The shows weren't even titled, so we were taking our chances with each quarter. Transfixed in a fantasy world of celluloid, I let another two bits fall into the slot.

As luck would have it the show was an orgy scene with three girls working on one guy. One red-haired girl was on his face, the other two were taking turns sucking his dick. Then the other two girls stopped sucking and started watching. Before we saw what happened next, we had to feed another quarter to the machine. A film is usually ten or twenty minutes long in two or three minute loops for twenty five cents. About five to eight quarters will allow a person to see a whole movie.

Anyway, I let the quarter fall and the orgy continued with the red-haired girl sliding back on the guy's chest.

"I wonder what she's going to do now?" I said.

"Shh," my brother replied, his face glued intently on the screen.

The red-haired girl spread her pink pussy lips and let a stream of yellow piss fly from her pee hole into the guy's face. I am not usually one for water sports, but this particular instance was unique because it was the first time I had ever seen a golden shower on film—and for only a quarter! How can you keep them down on the farm once they've seen Marie pee?

There was an interesting footnote to that first experience in a peep show. That night I went out with one of the girls from the store. She was not really too hot, but I was fipped up from the porno-peeper that afternoon. That night when she sucked me off, I really got into it thinking about the great blow job I had seen in the flick. Before long I popped a great load of jiz part of which she caught in her mouth and part of which she took on her face. It was great—talk about life imitating art!

Needless to say, my experiences with peep shows continued. From that very first bite of the forbidden celluloid I was hooked, I have found peep shows in nearly every town on the eastern seaboard. Even in such out of the way places as Bryson City, North Carolina, I have seen peepers. Of course they are often the crude type of machines like the one I first saw in Florida, but they always cost a quarter and they are always worth it.

The peep show is a dynamite answer to

the flesh flick buff who cannot afford to lug around all of the equipment necessary for a good 8mm home set up. And for the 8mm buff who wants to preview his film, many of the peep show parlors sell the films that they show. This policy usually provides for the hottest flicks in town since it has to be good if they let you look before you buy.

Of course, the best and most elaborate peep shows in the world are found in Manhattan in the Eighth Avenue/Forty-second Street district. Here the porno film buff finds the enormous entertainment centers with hundreds of different types of films. Some of the places even feature live sex shows wherein women show you their goodies for the same two bits that you put in the peep show machine. But the emphasis is still on films.

In the finest peep shows, the viewer is treated not only to fucking and sucking, but fucking and sucking with a particular theme or twist that makes the flick seem more interesting.

Some of the films in peep shows are short flights of fancy which allow the viewer to participate vicariously in some unusual sexual experience—and do the viewers participate! Peep shows provide a private atmosphere for the man too shy to whack his pork in public porno films.

Take for instance, an 8mm piece called, *Ass Hole Lust*. Now one might ascertain from the title that the film has something to do with anal penetration. But the flick is really more developed than one might think.

When my quarter fell on *Ass Hole Lust*, I expected to see a chick getting cornholed, which I did. When the lights came up this slender woman with auburn hair was getting her hockey packed from a stud with a rigid rock-hard meat. She was a gorgeous piece of tail too! Her plump, firm buttocks were jiggling with each pound of the guy's dick. He was just getting a good rhythm going when the chick decides she does not want to butt fuck anymore.

Since there was no sound, it was hard to tell why the chick had decided to relinquish the use of her shit chute, but she rose from the bed and started to put on her jeans, just as my quarter ran out.

Well, any good man who has had a cunt refuse him anal privileges would have done just as I did. I dropped another two bits into the slot to see the outcome of the session. The lights came up again and the guy was standing there with a hard dick,

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trying to persuade the chick to continue with the bung hole ball. Finally, when she's about half dressed, the dude flies into a rage, tearing off her jeans and blouse. He then throws her onto the bed for a bugging that she will obviously never forget, at least for two more quarters.

Of course, not all peep show films deal with such timely subjects as *Ass Hole Lust*. The woman's surrendering of her ass hole is a topic that is currently being tossed around by feminist leaders as well as ham slamming good old boys like me. I was glad to see that these peep show flicks were not without some redeeming value.

Some of the films in peep shows are short flights of fancy which allow the viewer with a vivid imagination to participate vicariously in some unusual sexual experience—and do the viewers participate! Jerking off to peep show movies and live girls is common fare. When you go into a booth, you better be careful not to get sperm on your shoes. Peep shows provide a private atmosphere for the man too shy to whack his pork in public porno movies. And there is quite a selection to whip off to.

For example, the films in one New York peep show palace cater to any particular whim a customer might have. There is the special interest film, like *Ass Hole Lust*,

which deals with the penetration of one particular hole. Also in this vein are such flicks as: *Virgin Ass Hole*, *Virgin Cock Sucker*, *Hot Mouth*, and *Cock Kissers*. These flicks all have oral or anal themes and display a quite graphic penetration of both orifices.

But the peep shows also go into certain mythical areas which portray a situation that traditionally titillates the viewer. For example, *The Spinster* uses the myth of the old maid getting her first dick. The spinster, a quite good-looking mature lady, meets the black moving man and takes him on for a rousing round of penetration and acrobatics that would send any healthy man into the bathroom for a good jerk off session.

Ethnic features also abound, such as *Black Cock* which features an ebony stud who uses his natural endowments to bring three healthy girls (two white, one black) to a pitch of sexual intensity seldom seen on 8mm celluloid. Several of the other films rely on sex between the races for titillation.

Other films, particularly those from Sweden, deal with the size of the male phallus. Things like *Big Cock* and *Can She Take It All?* feature guys with giant schlongs who fill up young maidens with their larger than life meat.

Of course there are great lezzie classics like *Co-ed Dykes* and even some incest things like *Sweet Sisters*. Whatever you desire in the way of male/female or lesbian sex can be found on celluloid at your favorite neighborhood peep show.

If you are lucky you might even get to see one of your favorite porno film starlets in one of the 8mm flicks she made before coming into the big time. One of the Times Square sex shops features Linda Lovelace and Marilyn Chambers in their old roles as 8mm stars. The Lovelace flick is a hot lezzie session wherein Linda and another girl hump a giant king dong dildo between them—and it only costs a quarter!

The peep show palaces are here to stay and not just in the big cities. Porn fans all over the country are discovering the convenience and hot sex that are provided by these short journeys of the imagination. Here is one of the last places you can be alone with your own particular fetish or desire without having to hassle with anything but the coin slot. Everyone is trying out the peep show.

It is funny to find in front of a peep show and watch the high-toned business man check his watch to see if he has enough time to catch the last loop of *Ass Hole Lust*. After all, you only need a few minutes and a quarter to be transported instantly into a world where anything goes—or comes as the case may be!

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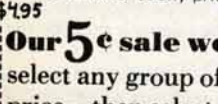


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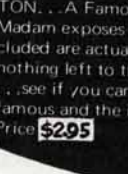


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HMG 48

Public Sex Is Now!

(Continued from page 30)

aside, his fingers will soon be buried deep within the woman's pussy, causing her body to begin shaking with pleasure.

Sometimes, when the whirlpool is full, the Plato's patrons play their favorite sex games. One is the "eat-out contest." Two women sit side-by-side next to a wall of the whirlpool, while two guys kneel in front of their spread apart-legs. When the judge yells "go," the guys' heads bob under water as they push their faces against pussy, driving home their hard-working tongues while the ladies begin to quiver and convulse in orgasmic ecstasy. This continues as long as one of the two men can keep eating; the winner stays underwater the longest.

When the whirlpool is full the Plato's patrons play their favorite sex games. One is the "eat-out" contest. Two women sit side-by-side next to a wall of the whirlpool while two guys kneel in front of their spread-apart legs. The ladies quiver in convulsive ecstasy. The men eat out the chicks as long as they can and the winner is the guy who stays under water the longest.

Continuing across Plato's playpen, we next find a steaming hot sauna that really attracts the sweat freaks. The temperature is almost unbearably hot, and at first, it seems like you can't breathe. But once you get used to it, the rewards are plentiful. Imagine: you're completely relaxed, your body is dripping with sweat, and you bump into a complete stranger, a woman with a luscious pair of tits and a firm round ass that you just want to put your hand on squeeze.

So you do it! It isn't a daydream, it isn't a wetdream, it's Plato's Retreat, you're in the steamroom, and you let your fantasies run wild. Soon you are intertwined with the sweaty, hot body of a total stranger who is grabbing your stiff cock and jerking you off like crazy. You come, and she starts licking it up, asking you to get on your knees and eat her out, right in the middle of a goddamn steamroom.

When you're outside, you can jump into the pool, and join the nude couples who

are swimming, or balling, in the warm but refreshing water. It isn't uncommon to notice at least one couple at the deep end of the pool, the man's hands clutching the side, his body pressed against the ladies, who is pinned against the wall and guides the guy's prick right into her awaiting snatch to begin a delirious session of water-balling.

In case sex-happy Plato's couples get too waterlogged, beach-type cots are conveniently lined up along the side of the pool. These cots are usually a good spot to find the really horny women at Plato's. Men who lay down on them often find the moist lips of roaming woman wrapped around their pricks in a matter of minutes. Sometimes two ladies will combine and "do" a lone male who suddenly realizes his asshole and cock are being simultaneously orally stimulated by two broads who, for all he knows, might have sat behind him in church last Sunday.

Plato's also has an open bar and smogboard, which is a great place to meet other couples for first timers. Not far away, completing our clock-wise tour, is, right next to the dance floor, a large area covered with mattresses. This orgy space, Plato's main attraction, is a zig-zag chain of flesh, buckled up in every imaginable position that can possibly be used for fucking.

There is a waiting line to get on the orgy space. Once you do get on, you find yourself surrounded by heaving, sweaty bodies that seem to groan in syncopated beats. There is always a spot of warm flesh waiting for any hand that you may have free. Even as you are fucking, hands will emerge from nowhere to massage the most private parts of your body.

Mary M., a housewife from Queens, was completely overwhelmed by the experience. As she tells it, "I couldn't believe it! There I was, being penetrated by this wonderful looking dark, handsome man who I had never seen before. Just as I was about to come, I look over and there's my husband, balling away on this young blond. Our eyes met, and he just threw me the cutest wink! Then the guy who was on top of me shot his wad, and we both laid still in absolute ecstasy."

Another Plato's party-goer, Jim R., from Queens, N.Y. described his adventure on the mats: "The chick I was with wanted to get on top, so as she's jumping all over my cock, I'm on my back, and this gorgeous broad kind of crawls over, puts my head between her knees, and bends down so her snatch is in my mouth! God damn! One chick balling me, another with her pussy in my face, and then this crazy chick starts sucking my toes. I couldn't even see her!"

And when the fucking gets too exhausting, there's always the whirlpool, the sauna room, the pool, or the bar. Sound too good to be true? It's all real, readers, and it's getting more popular by the day. In fact, on the local news telecast that immediately followed the World Series, a

New York TV station sent a foxy young woman reporter to Plato's. In front of millions of viewers, Larry Levenson explained the whole idea behind his parties—which is that sex is good for you and should be done as often, and with as many people as possible.

So, the word is out, and will stay that way until some ambitious young politician tries to make a name for himself by busting Larry. But there is hope—the fact that New York is so decadent already that nobody even cares if consenting strangers fuck on the dance floor, or have an orgy next to it.

Next time you hit the Big Apple, check it out!

If you dig sex, you'll be glad you did. •

We made a home pornie-

(Continued from page 38)

camera, her pale crescented cheeks poised in mid-air. She was looking over her shoulder, and one finger was pointing down into the dark cranny where you could just about see her cunt. And over the photo were the words "Wish you were here!"

Now at first I was really excited to get this shot. I knew Doreen would be coming home within the week. But then I started wondering—who took that picture! Who was snapping that shot of her snatch—her prime juicy pussy promised to me alone! So when she got home, that was practically the first thing I asked her.

"But Al—nobody was in the room! NOBODY!"

"Come on, don't give me that shit—"

"I'll show you."

"I've seen it!"

Before I could continue the argument, Doreen was rummaging around the room, looking for one of those photo catalogues she used to look at. She hoped some day to be a fashion photographer as well as a model, and she was already pretty proficient in photography.

"Here!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "Ever see one of these things? Right here on page 59. A cable release. I just set up the camera, got into position, and then when I let go of the release it snapped the picture."

I had forgotten all about that. I was so hot and jealous I forgot that it was possible to self-time a photo like that. Doreen had borrowed a Polaroid camera with a cable release—and all the time her sweet sexy thoughts for me had been curdled by jealousy.

"I'm sorry—" I began, reaching out for her. She felt so warm and soft. Her perfume wafted over me, and within a

second my cock was hard, bursting to get at her. We didn't say another word that night. We just kissed, and hugged, and fucked. I bucked away like a madman as she lay flat on her back, whispering and groaning with mounting delight. I sucked on her tits, groped her flesh, and jackhammered her cunt until I exploded with cum. My rod was still rock hard, and now I was sufficiently released and relaxed to give Doreen the time of her life. Now I slowly stroked and stroked her, varying my thrusts, driving her to the brink of an orgasm, pushing her over into ecstasy, and then fueling her up for more. I got down between her sweating thighs and gently licked her burning pussy which was bright pink and cherry sweet. She held my head and massaged my hair with frantic fingers as I lapped the length of her split, sucked on her love button, and then wriggled my tongue as deep inside her as I could go. My face was flushed with her juices. I got up for air, and finger fucked her to a frenzy. Then I finished her off with a long, long screw that drained me of my last drops of semen, by balls feeling squeezed out as I unloaded once again.

She smiled for the camera and then began to delicately lick my cock. Somehow doing it for the camera seemed to inspire her. She sucked and sucked, and then she sank her mouth down on my prong, my tongue licking all over the shaft. I couldn't believe it. She was deep throating!

She had a look of total satisfaction on her face as my wet rod dangled out of her hole. She leaned over and kissed the last hanging white gob from my cock head, and then her head hit the pillow and she fell fast asleep.

I didn't think much more about photography that weekend she returned. We balled all day long. But on Monday morning she got a mailgram from her agency. She was supposed to report for another location shooting.

"Why the fuck can't these assholes do this stuff in New York? Nobody knows whether the background was shot on location!"

"Don't worry, Al. I'm only going to be gone for three days. Besides, you still have that polaroid, don't you. It'll keep you company for a while."

"It looks like you, but it doesn't move like you."

Doreen got one of her peculiar cat-smile faces. Her eyes lit up, and she went over to her photo catalogues. She nodded her head as she came over to me. Leaning

(Continued on next page)

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over my chair with her soft boobs against my cheek, she pointed to a section on her movies.

"That's the answer!" she said in a husky, lusty voice. "We'll make our own home movie! How about that?"

I didn't know what to say. Me and Doreen fucking on the screen? I had to admit it would be fun to do. And it would be interesting to watch.

"You like those stag films, don't you?" Doreen said urgently. "We've seen enough of them—I'm sure we could do one just as good! Besides, then you'll have something fun to watch if we're separated for any length of time. Come on, let's do it! Let's really do it!"

"But how? I mean—we've never made films before."

"Oh, it's easy. They have articles on it all the time. I'll just get one of those little 'How to' books from a store. I know where I can get all the equipment free. All we need is some film and some time! Are you game?"

After licking and lathering my cock hard, and kissing my balls, she wanted to show the camera just how hot she was, and just how hot I was! She began covering my ass with kisses and I felt her hot tongue slither in a circular motion around my asshole! She'd never done that before, whether I'd taken a shower first or not!

I sure was.

We had to make the film after Doreen came back from her three-day job, but by that time all the equipment had been amassed from her photographer friends, and I had bought the film and all the other little necessities. It was going to be a Super 8mm spectacular!

When Doreen walked in the door, she put her bags down and gasped. There I was, stark naked in front of the blazing flood lights, making like Mr. Universe. The camera was set on the tripod, everything was in place, and it was all focused on me and the bed behind me.

"Wh-what are you doing! You-you brought the bed into the living room? You."

"There's more room in here! come on—the lights are hot and so am I! Let's do it right now!"

My cock started to ascend, springing up and pointing right at her. She looked at me for a moment, and then her fingers moved to the buttons on her blouse. She slowly undid them, and tossed the garment to the floor. She reached behind her back and unhooked her bra. Her big boobs seemed to expand like firm warm dough once

released from confinement. Her nipples were stiff and nearly a half inch long. Her dress sailed down to the floor and then she whipped off her tiny black lace bikini. She padded over to the bed, got herself comfortable, and spread her legs wide, arching up in the air. She was spread-eagled, her cunt pulled apart by her fingers.

"Focus!" she grunted.

"What?"

"Make sure that the camera is in focus! Take a look and make sure the image is sharp. And make sure that the camera is on the entire bed, too. We're gonna move around a lot!"

I checked everything out, and then I snuggled beside her. We were both breathing heavily, tingling with excitement. I set off the cable release, and Doreen sat up. She smiled for the camera—and then began to delicately lick my cock.

Somehow doing it in front of the camera seemed to inspire Doreen. She sucked and sucked, and then she sank her mouth down on my prong, her tongue flicking all over the shaft. Her lips sank down into my pubic hair. I couldn't believe it—she was deep throating! Then, with her fingers furiously thrashing at her snatch, Doreen began to kiss my balls, licking my scrotum and making sexy slurpy sounds with every miraculous move. I heard her voice muffle a few words.

"Raise up—raise up," she said.

"It's up!" I called.

"No—mmmmff—your body . . ."

My legs went sailing up high as I pushed my weight to my shoulders. That was what Doreen wanted. After licking and lathering my hard cock, and kissing my balls, she wanted to show the camera just how hot she was, and just how hot I was! She began covering my ass with kisses, and I felt her hot tongue slither in a circular motion around my asshole! She'd never done that before, whether I'd taken a shower first or not. I just let her go, giving myself an occasional rub while she licked and kissed. I felt the orgasm rising, like sap in a tree.

"I'm gonna cum!" I called out.

Doreen tried to set herself up for it. She wanted it on her face and down her throat. I pushed up into a squatting position, and Doreen was lost. She couldn't figure out how to get herself so that she was still in camera view. Finally she just stuck her head between my legs—her body off the bed. And as I began to spew a load of thick cum down her throat, her legs convulsed and one of them caught the tripod and the camera began to slowly sink to the floor.

"Hey—hey wait!" I gasped, my cum raining down all over her face. "The camera—the camera!"

I twisted to catch it before it fell, but we were so tangled up that I just fell forward. I had to grab onto something and I caught her tits.

"OW! OW OW! GAAAAAAD!" Doreen shrieked before I let go of the soft handle. I hit the floor and when I shook my

dizzy head and tried to get up, I was caught between her legs.

"Well, so it won't be a total loss—" I smiled. I lapped and licked her steamy crotch. We rolled around on the floor for a while. My cock had stiffened after the sudden, deflating tumble, and it was now bulging in its prodding against Doreen's left cheek. She sucked and sucked on it while I lubed her up and kept her in perpetual heat. She grunted and shook, letting out short hiccuping sighs. I knew she was burning up, and I finished her off by sucking on her clit while jamming my fingers in and out of her ple.

"Whew," she whispered, her sweaty face muffled against the mattress. She struggled to her feet and put the camera and tripod back into position. "Now let's try a second take!"

She put in another film cartridge and we began again. We were running low on film and we wanted to capture just a little of the joy of sex together. Doreen got on her knees on the bed so that she faced the camera. Her boobs juggled and hung low as she twitched her ass. It didn't take a second for me to sear her sweet slit with my stiff, and I put on my best smile as I dug deep inside her.

"Go! Keep on going! I love it!" she shouted. She put her head down and shook her long hair from side to side. I bucked and fucked tirelessly, and when the cartridge wound down, we just couldn't separate ourselves to change film.

"Shove it in me—keep it in me!" she cried. And I didn't say anything. I just kept going. We huffed and puffed and fucked and went at it for what seemed like a half hour, with each stroke, each groan exciting us with tingling mini-orgasms. Doreen came and came, and then I felt the tides rising.

"Get a new cartridge in!" I whispered, pulling out. My wet cock continued to throb in mid air as Doreen padded over to get a new cartridge. My cock just twitched and bobbed, waiting to be stuck back into the tight warmth that promised a titanic release.

"Can't hold out much longer—this is the cum scene!"

Doreen focused on my cock, the camera was started up, and she got down on her knees at the foot of the bed, lunging her mouth onto my hot rod. She lapped at it a few times, and then moved her face to one side as the jets of cum shot across her cheek. She gasped and gurgled down the next wad of jism, but I just kept on firing, and one spurt caught the camera right in the lens. The stuff dripped off the camera in one long goppy strand.

"That's a great way to make a fade out," Doreen sighed as she tumbled back onto the bed, breathing heavily. "I hope the cum comes out all right."

The next day we mailed out our prize cartridges to a discreet film service that

(Continued on page 62)

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advertised in a dirty newspaper. And a few weeks later, our first filmed fuck session came back. Despite a few bits of light fogging and the camera shaking, and fucking and flying out of camera range—the results were surprisingly good.

And they got better and better the more films we made. And they got wilder and wilder as we tried to top ourselves. And now our home "cinema" has become our greatest hobby. Well—our second greatest hobby, anyway!

How To Get Sucked Off At A Peep Show

(Continued from page 46)

really pound my cock into that chick's mouth and throat. I was just overcome by the fantasy of it all. I was in one of those curtained jobs, and at one point some guy pulled aside the curtain and looked in, then seeing that I was in the booth already he went and sat in the next booth. I thought nothing of it, until I noticed that he was making some sounds in the booth. In the dim light of the movie focused on the small viewing screen I noticed something that hadn't caught my eye before. There was a hole about the size of a fist between my booth and the booth next to me, and I could just barely see the flicking light of the film being shown in there. It meant nothing to me at first, but the next time I looked over to the wall, the strangest thing happened. Instead of the flickering light from the film, a tongue had darted through the wall, making a curling, beckoning gesture. It was almost frightening at first, but then it all became clear to me. The person in the next booth wanted to blow me, and wanted me to stick my cock through the wall to suck my cock! I did a few double takes and to tell you the truth I didn't know what to do. I don't go into fucking with guys, I'm just not built that way, but this was something different.

In fact, when I thought about it the whole thing had a beautiful simplicity to it. At least that's what dawned on me then. Just picture the scene. I am a straight guy, alone in a booth. I am watching a shot of a girl sucking off a guy on my own private viewing screen, and then, like magic, a hot mouth appears in the wall. What an incredible fantasy trip, what fucking good luck, as well.

Now, I could have said to myself. Shit, there's a guy behind the wall. I don't want a guy sucking on my joint. That's the typical, dull male line you hear over and over again. But, what the hell, a hole is a hole, right!

Apprehensive at first, but willing to see the sexual adventure through to the end, I

stood up and went towards the wall. The tongue retreated and then pressed into the opening I spied the rounded flesh of soft lips. In the dark, you can't tell whether they're male or female and who really gives a fuck.

I stuck my cock slowly through the wall and the lips closed over and consumed my root right down to the bottom. I could feel everything. It was like nothing I had ever experienced before. It wasn't true love, it was pure unadulterated sex. I was getting the hottest blowjob of my life. I played with the mouth for about 10 minutes. I mean, I stuck my cock in all the way and it was swallowed thoroughly and I could feel that mouth pressing against the very root of my bone. This was the quintessential deep throat experience. The mouth sucked at the tip, slurped along the shaft, and best, I could actually feel the throat tighten so that when the head of my cock actually went down the throat, the constrictions sent unimaginable waves of pleasure through me. Hell, I stopped feeding quarters into the machine and just settled on the beautiful feeling covering me in wave after wave of rapture.

That mouth really knew what it wanted. I guess that's what made the situation so thoroughly exciting. So often I fuck with chicks who think they are doing you a real favor by sucking your cock, but sometimes they don't get off on the act. They are too fucked up with guilt trips to get off on sucking a man's joint. Oh sure, there's nothing better than the sight of a chick getting down and doing you good and hard until you splash in her face or down her throat. The visual esthetics are of prime consideration here, but for men who are open for an additional thrill, you can't do much better than the scene I've been describing at the peep show. Granted you could do better with the addition of ready cash, but still there is the thought of suckjob quality. Sure you can pay a hooker for a blowjob, and you might get a damn good blowjob, but I've discovered (now that I've had my cock sucked more than 600 times through a wall over the past four and half years) that a really good cocksucker is someone who does it for love of cock, and not love of money.

Before I get too far away from that first sex-in-a-wall experience I want to add more about how I came. I told you how the mouth really went wild on my dick, sucking and constricting and doing things with the tongue, with the walls of the mouth, and with the lips that I had never experienced before, and which I now have just grown to love and expect. But, that's the passive part of the blowjob that's fun. There's also the active part where you really slam home your orgasm. I didn't think that a mouth could take it, but, boy was I wrong. I first tried a few quick pumps all the way out and then all the way in to see if that mouth could take it. And it could. Then I got progressively more aggressive. Man, I was fucking a hot piece

of mouth flesh, a horny mouth that wanted my cock like nothing else would do.

I fucked and fucked. I socked my dick through that hole. I worked my orgasm up from the very pit of my balls and when I felt myself coming I clawed at the plywood walls and pounded home my cock into that mouth and when I started spurring cream, the mouth actually swallowed my cock whole and the throat was actually squeezing me dry.

That was my first experience and I have already admitted that there have been many more experiences, hundreds of them. If all this sounds a bit one-dimensional to you I should explain that there are easy alternatives to the simple suck routine.

You can fuck ass behind a wall too. I don't recommend it as a steady diet though because unless the ass behind the wall has douched, you may end up with a shitty rod. This is a minor peril, but for the truly adventurous male, nothing in the realm of sexuality is too far gone, right.

The suck sessions are the greatest though, but what makes them even greater is the advent of amly nitrate. You can't get the real stuff unless you look long and hard, but you can get the imitation liquid which is not as good as the real McCoy but it will serve, nevertheless. This liquid comes in tiny bottles, or in breakable glass ampules. The liquid has a short life in the open air, that is, the kick goes unless the bottle is tightly sealed. Often referred to as "poppers" one snorts, or sharply inhales the liquid in each nostril. The preparation is designed for the relief of heart patients to jar the heart into response. That's what it does, alright, but the rapid rush of blood creates a delightful and overwhelming euphoric feeling which takes over the entire body, eliminates inhibitions and is perhaps the perfect way of experiencing sexual climax.

I had my first whiff of popper during one of my peep show suck sessions. At one point the mouth removed itself from my dick and I noticed that a hand had appeared through the wall with an open bottle. I didn't know whether I was supposed to drink it, or what. I sniffed it first and then the super rush hit me. Man, what a gas! I took a deeper sniff and I felt as if my body had become electric with sex, as if my heart, body and soul were a dick. The rush lasts only moments but that was all it took for me to flood the mouth behind the wall with my cream. I bring poppers with me to the peeps all the time now.

As I mentioned at the very beginning of this article, peep show sex is not for everyone. To some guys, the thought of doing the stuff I've been doing is just not up their alley. I respect that. But, even I didn't think I was able to get off so well and in such a unique and inexpensive way until I tried it once. Then I realized: man, you only live once! Why not feed a mouth behind a wall that truly loves to eat dick. Think about it.

WHAT MEN WANT TO SEE IN PORNO FILMS

(Continued from page 16)

grabbed her legs and started to rub his cock which was still hard against her pussy.

"Don't fuck me, freak!" she cried. "Freak don't fuck me!"

But fuck her is exactly what my hero did. Not only did he squirt an even bigger load of his dark juice than the first time, but he squirted it on her belly, where the contrast of his blue sperm and her pink flesh-tones was cinematically most pleasing.

And at this point I would like to discuss cum-shots.

Porno audiences want cum-shots. They do not want to think the actor fakes the climax of the dramatic scene. They need to see the evidence or the drama is not convincing. The screams of the feminine movement notwithstanding, in the movies men must come outside the woman's pussy. The sperm is the obligatory scene, or obligatory image if you will. Sperm must coat the screen or audiences will demand their money back!

But let me say something else. The desire of men to see sperm on the screen is also a desire for the impossible. Because as most people know, men have not been able to produce semen ever since the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. I myself have tried, unsuccessfully, many times since that fateful August day, but the result has always been: no sperm. All of mankind having this problem, I realized that all cum-shots in porno films are the result of extremely clever trick photography. By optical printing of two different images, porno directors have created the illusion of ejaculation. The images usually are a hard penis and a stream of thick, gooey white liquid, superimposed on one another to make it seem like a male orgasm. But it is all a lie—an impossibility. And that is why audiences come back for more.

On a more practical level, I believe men want to see lots of boobs in their porno films. That is why in my film I had a woman with three boobs. The audiences want to see them. The more boobs you can get into a frame the more successful your film is going to be. In a big orgy scene, for example, I had a definite advantage. There were a lot of boobs in the scene, obviously, but by having a character with three boobs, I had an extra boob that other

(Continued on next page)

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filmmakers lacked in their orgy scenes.

So—impossible things and boobs. Yes, those are two things men want to see. I would also say that men want to see a lot of anal penetration in their porno films: or, as we say back in Munich, "bun-blitzkrieg." That is why in my film *Dark Juice* such penetration was foremost. Let me describe one scene in detail, and I will show you how I put both boobs and impossible things into it.

My character Bill with the blue piss and semen also had a sidekick, a dwarf named Goo-goo. In one scene they went to a prostitute for some bun-blitzkrieg. First Bill performed sex with the hooker, squirting his blue stuff all over her gigantic cheeks (I interviewed over seven hundred actresses until I found the cheeks with the right massiveness, skin-tone, and pimples). Then it was Goo-goo's turn.

"You, little man?" the prostitute laughed. "Let me see your little winkie-doo; I bet it's so tiny it would slip out of my ear if you stuck in there."

Goo-goo displayed his prick; and indeed, as the tart had figured, it was too small to really make a difference to any hole. But Goo-goo was an enterprising sort of fellow. He had other ideas.

"Have you ever heard of fist-fucking?" he said in his squeaky voice. (I got the squeak by speeding up the audio recording during the dubbing).

"Fist-fucking!" she laughed. "I doubt if your fist would be any more damaging to my asshole than a pencil-thin three-inch prick!"

"Well, I didn't mean I was going to fist-fuck you. But the principle is the same. I'm going to head-fuck you."

"Well, just what exactly is head-fucking?"

"I'm going to stick my whole head into your asshole!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" the whore laughed.

But it was no laughing matter. My hero Bill seized the slut and tied her down on the bed, her ass up in the air. Meanwhile Goo-goo rubbed Vaseline all over his head.

"Your whole head! Please, don't!" cried the hooker.

But Goo-goo was determined. He went over to her buns and spread them with his hands. And then, slowly, he inserted his entire cranium into her rectum. Of course, as everyone knows, this is an impossibility, just like ejaculations and blue sperm. But I achieved this effect through trick photography. And audiences loved it.

"That's it, Goo-goo!" said Bill, watching the scene. "Fuck her with your head!"

Obviously, because his head was in her ass, Goo-goo couldn't hear Bill's encouraging comments. But he did fuck her with his head, moving it back and forth slightly. His neck moved in and out with each thrust. The trick photography was wonderful. It really looked like Goo-goo was inserted into the girl up to the collar of his shirt. A nice pictorial effect was his red

tie, dangling down from the collar and shaking with each thrust. Indeed, through the magic of trick photography, the impossible was made to look possible. And the audiences loved it.

There was also a nice psychological dimension to the scene. What, really, was the purpose of Goo-goo fucking the unwilling whore's ass with his head? Obviously she was not enjoying it; and just as obviously, Goo-goo could not squirt through the top of his head. So the act of head-fucking as an expression of Goo-goo's Weltschmerz and rage was poetically precise. The sadistic insertion of his head into the floozy's ass could only serve as the symbol of his rage at having been born a dwarf, and thus automatically scorn-bait for women. Ergo, the head-fucking could only be enjoyed by the more pathological members of the audience. Ergo, porno films can be seen as mental barometers, Rorschach tests of the psychosexual soul.

But I'm not forgetting about the boobs. No, this head-fucking scene had something every porno-fan wants to see—lots of boobs. In this case it was a detail of decor in the whore's apartment. On her wallpaper was this design: *boobs!* Thousands and thousands of them to boggle the filmgoer's mind. So not only was the viewer witnessing the impossible act of head-fuckery, not only was he witnessing bun-blitzkrieg, but he was also in the presence of uncountable breasts, all staring at him like the eyes of some unknowable and pagan god!

That is what is called *mise-en-scene*!!!

Let me tell you about the release of my film. It was greeted with cheers from the most highly respected critical quarters! The New York Times, the New Yorker, the New Republic, everything New! All agreed that I, Fritz von Kaufmann, had once again achieved the heights of cinematic art that I had reached earlier in the Forties with my masterpieces *Dark Encounter* and *Dark Damsel*. Let me quote two reviewers:

"Fritz von Kaufmann has opened up new arenas of sexuality for the sophisticated filmgoer!" That was from *New Times Magazine*.

"Fritz von Kaufmann has taken sodomy into the realm of high art!" That was *New York Magazine*.

All this, dear reader, is just to prove a point: I know what I'm talking about when I speak of what men want in their porno films. I have thoroughly thought about the subject and have made a hit film in the genre. I am eminently qualified. Eminently!

Don't believe the things other people tell you about my film *Dark Juice*. It is a masterpiece that breaks all bounds. There are some—the fanatical moralists who prey like thugs in the alleyways of aesthetics—who would have you believe that I, Fritz von Kaufmann, made an immoral film. This is patently not the case. My film, on the contrary, is highly *moral*—exposing the shoddy underbelly of damp desires that

cheapen our daily lives and philosophic outlooks. When I presented my viewers with a three-breasted woman, or with a head-fucking dwarf, I only did it to make those viewers confront the dark and loathsome ichors of perversion which run like unholy rivers through the veins of their sodden brains! I did *Dark Juice* to educate them! To bring them from out of the shadows and into the daylight of self-awareness!! To give them the self-insight without which men can never truly be free!! For this I made *Dark Juice*!! And for this, and not my Hollywood trifles, I have achieved artistic immortality!! Soon I shall see you in Heaven, da Vinci, Michelangelo, Rembrandt—soon I shall join your ranks!!! To the Muses, hail!!!! Hail!!!! Hail!!!!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Contrary to Herr von Kaufmann's report, *Dark Juice* was neither a financial nor critical success. In fact, it appears to be the one porno film in history that absolutely no one went to see! Charges of obscenity and lewdness were brought against Herr von Kaufmann by the state of New York after the film opened for its brief one-day run. Found incompetent to stand trial by reason of insanity, he was placed permanently in the Criminal Ward of the Klinger-Kornberg Institute for Sexual Compulsives, scenically located on the East Side of Manhattan. Nonetheless, despite his mental problems, we felt his views would be extremely interesting to Flick readers, and so we have undauntingly, and courageously, presented them for your enjoyment.

John Waters

(Continued from page 8)

home alone I'd rather listen to Birgit Nilsson.

F: Do you feel an allegiance to the punk attitude?

W: Definitely, especially when I go to CBGB's and see all these people with blue hair and everything that we had in *Pink Flamingos*. Before this there was no underground.

F: Well, you are really one of the precursors of punk.

W: I think it's a fun movement. Just having a good time. When I first saw them I said, 'Oh my god!' and that's when I realized it would really be a hit.

F: Would you include Punk Rock in a film?

W: No. That would make it somewhat dated. There's a scene with a Weatherman in *Multiple Manics*, now everytime I see that film I think, 'God, that didn't hold up'.

F: Do you think about mass audiences?

W: You have to. The week *Desperate Living* opened we had to compete with *Equus* and *Looking For Mister Goodbar*. Any filmmaker that tells you he doesn't want to make money is lying. You have to make money to keep going. But not to the point of doing something I totally didn't want to do just for the money. That would just be dull.

F: What did *Pink Flamingos* gross?

W: Well over a million dollars. That doesn't mean I received that much. There are so many hands in the pot. I have never made a film that lost money.

F: What about television?

W: I never watch TV. I hate it. I'm against free entertainment.

F: It has no appeal to you?

W: Just to turn it off. It's such an ugly piece of furniture and gives off that hideous light.

F: That kills your eyes and brain cells . . .

W: I don't mind about that. God knows I'm not an Earthshield.

F: There's a surprising lack of drugs in your films.

W: I used to take drugs quite a bit in the 60's but now I don't even smoke pot. I have nothing against drugs. I feel the 60's are over. In *Female Trouble* Divine shoots eyeliner, I guess that's drugs.

F: At the level of degeneracy you portray, you'd expect more drugs.

W: Drugs would be so easy. That's what everyone thinks of when they think of degeneracy.

F: Is there still room for 'found art' like the singing asshole in *Pink Flamingos*?

W: Well he showed up at our apartment one day but no ones come with something like that lately. If he came today I probably would use him.

F: What about sex?

W: What about sex?

F: What's your feeling about the Missionary Position?

W: Well, I think any position can be ludicrous.

F: Is sex ludicrous?

W: It can be.

F: Can it be anything but ludicrous?

W: It can be. But I think generally it's ludicrous alot only because you get in all these weird positions and you think, 'What am I doing?' 'What am I looking for?'

F: So you portray it as ludicrous?

W: Yeah. Sex in all my films is certainly anything but erotic. But that's just because I am sick of reading about the joy of this sex and that, and I'm sure there's a lot of ludicrous sex going around. It's just humor to me. I think sex is funny, like everything else.

F: Is that you up on the screen?

W: Yeah, it's my sense of humor. Those certainly are not my fantasies, they're my film fantasies, not my fantasies about life.

F: Whose the most beautiful woman in the world?

W: Anita Ekberg and Leslie Van Houton.

F: Have you seen Anita recently?

(Continued on next page)

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W: Yes, I like her better fat.
F: So you're a chubby chaser?

W: Not in real life, but I like heavy people . . . literally. You get more for your money when you hire them.

F: They fill the frame.

W: Right instead of hiring two actors to fill the frame you hire one that takes up the space.

F: Was being chosen for the Museum of

Modern Art's Comedy Retrospective the high point of your career?

W: They showed *Pink Flamingos*, that was nice, but when I saw my films at a drive-in theatre I said, 'God, I made a REAL movie'.





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